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The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. V. SEPTEMBER, 1867. Vol. III.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. V. SEPTEMBER, 1867. VOL. III

STOVALL'S BRIGADE AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, JULY 12TH, 1863.

EDITOR OF "THE LAND WE LOVE:"

In the issue of your interesting periodical, for June, we have read with much pleasure, an article entitled, "Sketch of General B. H. Helm." In correcting one misapprehension of the author, we beg that our motives may not be misconstrued.

I would not wittingly abate one jot from the well-earned trophies which illustrate the career of General Helm. But his brow is too rich with laurels for it to assume a modest garland, which rightfully belongs to one of his brothers-in-arms.

Speaking of General Johnston's operations around Jackson, Mississippi, in July 1863, the article on page 166 proceeds:

"On Sunday the 12th of July, an attack was made upon Helm's line, the heat was intense, the Confederates were exhausted by their long march, and seemingly unfit for the unequal contest, but the dauntless spirits of brave Kentuckians never quailed, and now led by their valiant commander, they repulsed the enemy with a loss of two hundred men, and three stands of colors."

The attack referred to was made by five regiments of the enemy, not upon Helm's, but upon the line of Brigadier General M. A. Stovall, commanding a brigade composed of the 1st, 3rd and 4th Florida, 60th North Carolina and 47th Georgia regiments, and its object was the capture of Cobb's battery, which was then reporting to General Stovall, and which his brigade was then supporting.—General Helm's brigade was in line to the left of Stovall, and his gallant Kentuckians, were unable to do more than look on and cheer—which they did vociferously—at the repulse of the enemy, with a loss of some two hundred killed, two hundred and fifty captured, and *five* stands of colors.

Four of these stands of colors, taken by the 1st, 3rd and 4th Florida, and 47th Georgia regiments, together with Cobb and Slocumb's artillery, were in the name of these commands, presented by General Stovall through

Major General Breckinridge, the division commander, to General Joseph E. Johnston. The reply of General Johnston with the endorsement of General Breckinridge, has been kept by General Stovall. As a matter of interest we append a copy:

JACKSON, JULY 12TH, 1863,
12 M.

GENERAL:

I have learned with high satisfaction the success of your troops this morning. It increases my confidence in your gallant division. I beg you to say it for me.

Do me the kindness also to express to the 1st, 3rd and 4th Florida regiments, the pride and pleasure with which I accept the splendid trophies they have presented me. Assure them that I equally appreciate the soldierly courage and kindly feeling to myself, which have gained me these noble compliments.

Respectfully and truly,
Your ob't. serv't:
J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

To Maj. Gen. BRECKINRIDGE.

Endorsed.

These flags were handed me with statement, that one was taken by 4th Florida, one by 47th Georgia and one by 1st and 3rd Florida, and one by the artillery, (Cobb and Slocumb's.)

I sent a verbal message with the flags to the General. By some mistake, the 47th Georgia and artillery are not mentioned, but General Stovall will explain it.

J. C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Major General.

To Brig. Gen. STOVALL.

Under the operation of a July sun, the bodies of the enemy decomposed with inconceivable rapidity. The stench along the line of Stovall's brigade, in two days, became insufferable. An arrangement was made thereupon for their burial. The following letter, with endorsements, formed the credentials of the Federals who engaged in this labor, and was handed to General Stovall.—We give it a place here, as also a subject which may afford an interest to these pages.

HEAD-QUARTERS, &C.,
JULY 14th, 1863, 12, M.

GENERAL ORD,

DEAR GENERAL:

General Johnston has sent out a flag of truce, asking three hours to bury our dead. Firing will cease all along our lines until 4 p. m., at which time the pickets will resume their places, and firing resume. I have assured General Johnston that if he will permit two or three subordinate officers of the regiments engaged to recognize the dead, he would oblige us, and that if he is willing, we will collect the dead and bury them. You may send forward a small party making the same offer, at the point where the dead lie. I am, &c.,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Maj. Gen. Com'd'g.

Endorsed.

GENERAL HOVEY:

You can send the party indicated herein, and make the details, if the matter is arranged.

E. O. C. ORD,
Maj. Gen'l., &c.

Endorsed.

HEAD-QUARTERS,
12TH DIV. 13 A. C.
JULY 14TH, 1863.

Colonel Pugh 41st Illinois Vol's. with three commissioned officers and twenty men will visit the field of action, where the dead are, and if permitted, bury our dead.

ALINE P. HOVEY,
Brig. Gen'l. Com'd'g.
Right Wing.

I am, General, very Respectfully, your ob't. serv't:
JNO. P. C. WHITEHEAD, JR.,
Late A. A. G. Stovall's Brig.

ROMAN CATACOMBS.

IF your inspection of Rome has confined itself only to her monumental and artistic treasures, you have still left a most interesting portion unexplored.—There is a silent city which extends its ramifications under busy life above, having its history, its monuments, and associations fraught with interest, the most profound. I allude to the Catacombs. The origin of these sepulchral chambers has been keenly disputed. The excavations in which they began, were most certainly made for the purpose of digging out the volcanic earth, used for building by the ancients, as it is still by the moderns.—There can be little question that these quarries and caves were ancient, long before the cradle of the twins of Rome floated among the reeds of the Tiber, or the udders of the she-wolf gave down the strengthening milk that nourished the founders of the seven-hilled city. The cities that once crowded the Campagna were built, no doubt, out of the materials taken from these quarries. When the Romans obtained a foothold on the banks of the Tiber, and began to erect temples, forums, baths and dwellings, then the demand for this volcanic earth increased, and so it continued under the magnificent reigns of the Twelve Cæsars, down to the time when the Romans left off quarrying, and turned to destroying old buildings, to find materials for new.

These caves or excavations seem to have been used as early as the first century of our era, by the early Christians as hiding places. Pagan superstition had pointed out these desolate places, these dark and deep excavations as the spots haunted by Canidia, and her weird sister old Sagana. Of course, they were shunned by the superstitious Romans, and this therefore made them a more secure place of concealment for the Christians. The Christians at first interred in them no other bodies, but those of their martyrs, which they were often forced to conceal from their persecutors.—It has been very plausibly conjectured that many of the workmen employed in the excavations

being Christians, first suggested to their fellow-worshippers, at Rome, the use of these retreats for the observance of their religious rites; thus guarding them in those recesses, which thus very early became places of concealment and devotion. No doubt the laborers in these subterranean galleries formed a class by themselves. They were for the most part slaves, the degraded and the out-casts of the Imperial City.—It was natural that the religion which proclaimed the great truth of the equality of mankind before God, which taught the hereditary bondsman to look to a future life for the reward of his sufferings in this, that had selected fishermen and publicans for apostles, should be received with joy, and embraced with gladness by the neglected and despised laborers in these sand caves.

One morning, we obtained a special permit to visit the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, which contain memorials of Christianity as early as the first century, before the last of the Apostles had left the earth. About two miles from the St. Sebastian gate, after traversing a portion of the Appian Way, we entered a large field occupying the right of the road, commanding a most glorious view over the Campagna, and of the distant ranges of the Appenines. In the centre of this field, we came to a large opening, which revealed a long and steep staircase of stone, going down as it were, into the very bowels of the earth. As we descended, the transition from the outer-world, where all was sunshine and warmth, into the regions of darkness and dampness below, reminded one of Dante's description of his entrance into hell.—The first impression on entering these Catacombs, where the light of day is almost instantly lost, and by the dim light of the torches, one sees nothing in advance, but the narrow gallery lined with tiers of sepulchres; and feels every moment the path beneath his feet descending deeper and deeper—is one of horror that chills and astonishes the mind. The imagination then calls up what the reason rejects, and plays as if fascinated with ideal terrors. One remembers then, with painful distinctness, the band of students who, with their tutor several years ago, were lost in these very sepulchral chambers, and whose remains even, have never been found.

But soberly speaking, there is not the least occasion for fear—the localities are perfectly familiar to the guides, and many of the more dangerous galleries have been walled up, so as not to tempt the wandering foot of imprudent curiosity. Soon we were traversing numerous corridors, intersecting each other, some at acute, and some at obtuse angles, and many of them terminating in a rudely formed niche, something in shape like the tribune of a church, so that you are obliged to strike off in a direction quite different. As we advanced along the narrow galleries, on each side, we observed with scarcely any interruption, two, and sometimes three tiers of grave like shelves, such as only could have been used by Christ-

ians, whose custom it was, not to burn their dead. These graves were mostly open, and in many of them, were crumbling fragments of bones, and in two or three almost entire skeletons—at their sides earthen flasks, and sometimes flasks of glass containing a red sediment, these last marking the resting place of martyrs, this sediment being the remains of their blood, which these vases contained in small quantities. Some of these tombs are still closed with slabs of marble, bearing the name and age of the deceased, with short comments, all testifying their faith in brighter worlds beyond. One "sleeps in Jesus," another "is buried that she may live in the Lord Jesus," while on another we read almost the words of St. Paul—"dying yet behold she lives."—These inscriptions are chiefly in Latin, often misspelt or ungrammatical, occasionally written in Greek characters, generally simple, but in most cases, extremely affecting. A parent briefly names the age of his beloved child, or a husband that of his wife, and the years of their wedded life; or the epitaph adds a prayer that the dead "may rest in peace," annexing perhaps some rudely carved emblem of the believer's hope of immortality. Most of all, I noticed the cross in its simplest form, employed to testify the faith of the deceased. Whatever ignorance and blind credulity may have sprung up in later times, here in these Catacombs, upon the marble slabs, that shut their dead from sight, the early Christians have shown that with them, there was no doubt of the full appreciation of that glorious sacrifice—"whereby alone we obtain remission of sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of Heaven." One inscription interested me very much, that I wrote it down upon my tablets. Its translation reads—"oh unhappy times, when we cannot worship in safety, hardly in caverns, when we are hunted like wild beasts from the surface of the earth." It is in one of the chapels to which I will refer presently, and just over a fresco, evidently representing the three children in the fiery furnace—emblemizing martyrdom. Most of the inscriptions are concise, and to the purpose, as the following—"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith with all his family;" and then the touching conclusion—"Theophilas a hand-maid, placed this stone in fear, but full of hope;" as if none were left but this poor hand-maid, who in fear erected this memorial, which has handed down the master's faith, and the poor hand-maiden's faithfulness.

The intelligent priest, who accompanied us, seemed to think, that in the peculiar form of these tombs, the early Christians manifested a desire to imitate that of the Savior, and fashioning them like caves, and closing the aperture with a slab of granite or marble—a very likely hypothesis, and certainly a most beautiful impulse of love, treating as sacred, and to be imitated even the accidental and outward details connected with the burial of the Incarnate God.

In passing along these narrow galleries of tombs, at intervals, you come to small vaulted chambers, many of them still ornamented with the rude frescoes by which the early Christians symbolized their faith. These small apartments are the little chapels, where several hundred feet below the earth's surface, they met for prayer and praise. The frescoes are in every case symbolical of facts in Gospel history. Among them we noticed the figure of the Good Shepherd, represented by a rustic youth in tunic and buskins; carrying a lamb upon his shoulder. Here too are frescoes representing Christ in the midst of his Apostles, his entry into Jerusalem, and several of the Redeemer's miracles, but principally the miracle at Cana in Galilee, and that of the loaves and fishes. Frequently, may be seen representations of the history of Jonah. By the ancient Church, the history of Jonah was deemed typical of death and the resurrection, and ranked amongst the most popular objects of representation employed in the Catacombs. In one chapel I noticed the Holy Spirit as the descending dove at the baptism of Jesus, and in one of the chapels, in close vicinity to the tomb of the martyr Cecilia, is a portrait of our Saviour in his humanity representing him with one hand extended, as if in the act of blessing, clasping with the other a book close to his breast. This is interesting, as it is unquestionably the earliest painting we have of Christ, being of the third or fourth century of our era. It is exceedingly rude in its design and finish, clearly furnishing the face from which Ciambue, Giotto, and most of the early painters copied. Our Savior in his exaltation is not represented until many centuries later, as in the earlier ages of the Church, when its worship was pure and devotional, all allusion to the cucifixion was reverently avoided. It was not until the sixth century, when corruptions had crept in, that frescoes representing the solemn scene on Calvary are seen.

The portrait of Christ in the Catacombs, it is claimed, was painted as early as the latter part of the second century. It represents a person with an oval face, straight nose, arched eye-brows, and a smooth and rather high forehead. The hair is parted and flows in curls upon the shoulders, the beard not thick, but short and divided. Over the left shoulder is thrown some drapery. How far this is authentic, I am not prepared to say. It certainly is not a painting of the early date claimed for it; and looks as if it might have been painted in the fourth century of our era. The earliest description we have of Christ is in a letter from Lentulus to the Roman Senate. This Lentulus was the successor to Pontius Pilate. Whether genuine or not, the description harmonizes with what every Christian would desire to form of his Savior. In this letter he is described "as a man of lofty stature, of serious and imposing countenance, inspiring love as well as fear. His hair is of the color of wine or of golden lustre, flowing in curls upon his shoulders, and divided down

the centre of his head after the manner of the Nazarene. The forehead is smooth and serene, the face without blemish, of a slightly ruddy color. The expression noble and engaging, the nose and mouth of perfect form, the beard abundant and of the same color with the hair, the eyes blue and brilliant, and the most beautiful among the children of men."

We were some three hours under ground wandering amid these sepulchral chambers, deeply interested in the revelations which, at every step, opened upon us, bearing the strongest testimony to the truth of the Christian religion.

The Catacombs are certainly a gigantic monument to the truth of Christianity, no less affecting to the heart, than convincing to the mind, proving with what rapidity its doctrines spread, the persecutions and sufferings to which its professors had cheerfully submitted by reason of the faith that was in them, and more than all, the identity of the primitive Church in all its belief and practice with the scriptural record.

These Catacombs of Calixtus are the earliest: and it is well ascertained from the dates on several of the tombs, that they were used as burial places by the Christians, as early as the persecution days under Nero. It was in this persecution St. Paul perished, and it may be that the tradition which points to these Catacombs as the first resting place of the body of the Apostle is correct. There seems no reason for distrust in the main features of the legend, certainly as to the scene of St. Paul's martyrdom and grave—the localties of which are in themselves likely enough, and derive some additional probability from the fact, that it was an event which would cling most tenaciously to the memory of the early Church, even in its minutest details. The bones of the Apostle are said to have been removed from these Catacombs in the year 375, at a time when it might be fairly presumed, that the Christian Church, could not have forgotten where they laid him. The patriotism of New England still cherishes authentic memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the places of their sepulture of many of them are known at this day: and there is certainly a more abundant reason why the Christians should remember the burial place of the ablest and most zealous of the Apostles, at as early day in the Christian era, as 375 after Christ.

Great efforts are now being made by the Papal Government to secure the Catacombs from destruction. Many of the galleries have been strengthened by arches, and shafts are being sunk to let the light of day into these gloomy recesses. Several new ones have lately been discovered, and are now being excavated: and of all of them, the most interesting, because the most ancient are the Catacombs of Calixtus. No Sovereign has interested himself more in these researches, and been at more expense in the work, than the present incumbent of the Papal Chair, who is so remarkable for the zeal he has manifested in sustaining and employing the peculiar tenets

of the Church, over whose interests he presides with so much urbanity and dignity.

As we emerged from the gloomy recesses of the Catacombs, and stood once more in the bright sunshine, breathing heaven's pure air—the scene before us, was one of melancholy interest. Directly below stretched the long line of Appian Way, marked at intervals by the crumbling ruins of the once sumptuous tombs, that their owners vainly built to make their lives immortal: before and around us, the dreary waste of the Campagna lay in all its desolation. There cities had been born, and there they perished from the world forever—there fields had been lost and won, when Rome was struggling for the mastery with the fierce nations that surrounded her. It was over this vast plain swept that red whirlwind, descried by the wan burghers from "the rock Tarpeian," when was heard

"The trumpets war note proud,
The trampling and the hum,
And plainly and more plainly,
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left, and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears."

Looking towards "the Eternal City," the huge dome of St. Peter's lifted itself in the air, which with the Tower of St. Angelo, and the high roof of the palace of the Corsini were glowing in the light of departing day. There too, just darkened by the advancing shadows of evening, might be discerned the grey and lofty pile of the Colosseum, and the desolate line of the Forum, with its solitary arches and ruined fragments. Words are insufficient to describe the melancholy emotions which crowd the mind upon looking out upon such a scene as this. It is the huge grave which covers the remains of the loftiest human greatness, that ever had existence. Gazing upon such a scene

"The heart runs o'er
With silent homage of the great of old,
The dead, but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

"The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth *between* the cherubim; let the earth be moved."

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad *thereof*."

ARTIST-WORK.

WIFE.

"The theme includes a lesson. I will write
The thought out to a full and fine result:
—Old Leonardo, with his grand, grey head,
And patriarchal beard, day after day
Sitting within the Milan market-place;
Searching amid that humanest of crowds,
To find some face that he might glorify
With his rare art, until the shepherd-boy
Looks from his canvass—a divine Saint John.

"I'll paint the potrait with Correggio's charm
Of light and shadow;—the most royal brow,—
The meditative gaze,—the stately pose,—
The simple Doric dignity of dress—
Till the old master glows upon my page
In nature's living colors.
"Round him then,
I'll group the common folk, that come and go;
The brawny-arm'd, red turban'd fisherman,—
The chestnut-vender, with his scowling glance—
(A hint of Judas in his sinister eye)—
The mild-faced mother who looks smiling down,
A possible Madonna—on the child
That grasps her finger:—innocent flower-girls,
And bronze-cheek'd, wrinkled gossips.
"I will prove,
That genius beckoned, when Da Vinci shut
His dreamy studio,—leaving on the wall,
The half-done picture which his fancy failed
To summon models for,—and sought and found
Within the commonest lives, new elements
Of inspiration. I will make it clear,
That he who with subjective introspection,
Paints from the airy beings of his brain,
Is never truthful artist. He who aims
To catch the lineaments of Nature's face,
Must bring his pallette's mingled colors forth
Into the open daylight,—matching there
The pearly shades of cumulated clouds,—
The skyey spaces, tinct with changeful blue,—

And all the mysteries of this grey-green earth,
Not learned beneath close roofs.
"Thus will I teach
The lesson often taught,—that we look
About our feet for the material
From which to mould high purpose:—that the life
Hemming us round, has rich suggestiveness,—
That even the homeliest office of the hour,
If *duty* dignify and lift it up,
And if for terms of service, it demand
Renunciations—strict self-sacrifice—
Small abnegations——
"Darling, are *you* there?
And did you ask if I restored the buttons
Lost from your shooting-jacket? Nay—forgive!
My Poem—"*Household Priestesses*"—detained me,
And I forgot the buttons.
"Ah—he's gone!
I hear him whistling to his pointers now:
Yonder he stops beneath the apple-tree,
To strap his game-bag: and I hear his voice;
(—I never heard one sweeter than my husband's—)
What is he singing?"

HUSBAND.

"Carolling lark,—so high—so high,
Up in the sky,—
Floating a fairy, airy mote,
Earthward dropping a liquid note,
Tenderly clear,
Such as it quickens my heart to hear.

Out of vision, as stars withdrawn
Into the dawn—
Blotted away from mortal view,
Drowned in infinite depths of blue,
Never to be
Aught but a creature of air to me!

Never to stoop from flight so broad,
Down to the sod,
Where you fashioned your grassy nest—
'Tis too lowly a place of rest:—
Twitterers there,
Chirp, but you heed not, high in air.

Tame little robin, piping so sweet,
Here at my feet,
Cheerily chirruping all day long,
Only for *me*: With such a song,
Wherefore should I
Care for the music that floods the sky!'"

WIFE.

"So man would have it! Let *him* be the lark,
To spring straight upward from the trampled grass,
To shed the dampness from his fretted wings—
To leave the querrulous fledglings far below—
And out upon the golden air to soar
Unhindered,—wasting all his fervid soul
Upon the careless breeze: and then, when tired,
To drop down slowly to the clover-nest,
Where all the while, his mate has fed their brood,
In patient love,—oblivious of the sky,
Unconscious of the sunshine. . . . . .
. . . . . "Yet—and yet—
As I'm true wife and woman, I would rather
Be the brown sparrow picking from *his* hand,
If so it please him better,—than inspire
A thousand other listeners with my song!

"But what, my little scholar?—Have you too
Lost buttons from your jacket?"

CHILD.

"Mother, I have come to ask
That you'll help me to decline
All these nouns: I've conned my task,
But I cannot read a line.

Tell me what *officium*, means:
Here is '*facere*—to do,'—
But this verb that intervenes,
I am puzzled to construe.

And this philologic stuff,—
Mother, I should like to know
If I did not learn enough
English Grammar long ago.

Then these sums—they vex me yet—
Rule of Two, or Rule of Three,
Which is proper?—I forget,
For it's quite all one to me.

What's an equinoctial line?
What's a zone—a parallel?
Mother dear, will you define?
For I'm sure *I* cannot tell."

WIFE.

"Yes, yes, my son, I'll help you. Let me first
Put up my writing.
"Themes for charméd thought,—
The quiet, studious ease—the author's desk—
The chosen hours withdrawn from household use,
And hedged from interruption,—these, 'tis plain,
Are not for wives and mothers. *They* must sit
Like Leonardo in the market place,
Amid the jostling stir of clamorous life,
And catch suggestions of the beautiful,
For love—true artist,—to idealize
In living frescoes on the walls of HOME!"

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN*

PASSING Trafalgar, where Nelson greatly died, our steamer entered the Straits of Gibraltar.—As we could not possibly reach that Fortress before sun-set, when the gates would be closed, an American friend and myself, with the double view of seeing Tarifa, and of avoiding a night on board, determined to go ashore at Land's End of Europe, and thence on horse-back to "The Rock."—And here a bit of etymology may not be out of place. "If you turn to a map of Spain," says Trench on Words, "you will take note at its Southern point, and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, *Tarifa;* the name, indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to

* Continued from page 134.

watch from this point all merchant-ships going into, or coming out of, the Midland Sea, and, issuing from this strong-hold, to levy duties, according to fixed rates, on all merchandise passing in and out of the Straits; and this was called, from the place where it was levied, '*tarifa*' *or* '*tariff*;' and in this way we have acquired the word." But how did the place come to be called *Tarifa?* So named in honor of Tarif Ibu Malik, a Moorish chieftain, who landed here A. D., 711, and who, besides the celebity of being the first to lift the standard of the Crescent in Europe, has also given to modern tongues a new term, and to modern politics a new problem. All the ancient nations practiced free trade.—These early Arabs, at the gateway of the Mediterranean, were the first to lay a tribute on commerce. It was evidently, in their case, purely an exercise of might, since they had no pretence of right to arrest merchandise, which, passing from one great sea to another, did not enter, or seek to enter their ports on either side of the passage. But the idea thus lawlessly started has, in a modified form, become the *vexata quæstio* of political science.

As Tarifa was the first to receive the invader, so it remains to this day more truly oriental than any town in Spain. The streets are narrow, tortuous and clean—the houses flat-roofed and nearly windowless towards the street.—What strikes you as peculiarly Eastern, is the manner of wearing the mantilla, which is so folded as to conceal all the face but one eye—a most tantalizing mode, especially as the women of Tarifa are said to be exceedingly pretty:

> "Whose lovely visage is too bright
> To hit the sense of human sight."

The Alcazar, now dilapidated and a prison for galley-slaves, was, in its prime, a strong Castle and a fine specimen of the Moorish style. A window is still pointed out where was enacted, in the war between the Christians and Saracens, one of those scenes that reminds us of the heroic virtue of old Rome. I tell the story, which is authentic, as it is told in the guide-books.

In 1292, Sancho, the Brave, captured Tarifa. Alonzo Perez de Guzman, when all others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, a brother of Sancho, who had turned traitor to the Christians, and to whom Alonzo's only son, aged nine, had been previously entrusted as a page.—Juan now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender. Alonzo drew his dagger and threw it down, fiercely exclaiming, "I prefer honor without a son, to a son with dishonor." He retired from the window, and the Prince Juan proceeded immediately to put the child to death. A cry of wail and horror ran through the Spanish battlements. Alonzo again rushed to the window, ignorant of what had caused the cry among his troops, and beheld his son's body. Turning to his wife, now a childless mother, he calmly said, "I feared the Infidel had gained the city."

Leaving Tarifa, which a few hours sufficed to see, we took horses for Gibraltar. We turned from the direct road somewhat to the left in order to cross a plain, a few miles from Tarifa, famous in the annals of war, where a great battle was fought in 1340, between the Spaniards and Moors, under Alonzo XI and Yusuf I. The forces on each side are stated as follows: Spaniards 25,000 infantry and 14,000 cavalry; Moors 400,000 infantry and 70,000 cavalry. The Spanish loss was only 20 men, the Moorish 200,000. These figures, furnished by Spanish Chronicles, are laughed at as fabulous. And much exaggeration should be allowed, undoubtedly, to the pride of race and to the boast of victory. Still the figures may not be so wide of the mark, after all. Accounts of other battles, deemed quite historical, exhibit almost equal disparity of numbers and even greater destruction of the vanquished—Platœa, for instance, where of the 300,000 Persians who went into the fight, but 3,000 escaped alive.

We should note, as an event in the progress of arms, that in this engagement the Moors had artillery, six years before the battle of Cressy, where it is generally considered cannon was first used in Europe. And, in fact, it was the unskillful handling of this new weapon, instead of relying upon the close-fight to which they were accustomed and in which they excelled, that so disastrously lost them the day. For whatever else may be uncertain about the battle here fought, its result is not uncertain. It settled forever the question between the Cross and the Crescent in the Peninsula. It secured Spain to Christianity. Not that the Infidel domination fell "like the sudden downcome of a tower," but men everywhere foresaw, even slowly as causes operated in that age, that fall it must. It was death-doomed on this plain, which is now rank and fragrant with weed and wild flower. Four or five miles from here is another embattled field, where July 19, A. D., 711, a seven-days' action was begun, between the Moors and Spaniards, which ended in the utter defeat of the latter, and gave Spain to the Moslem. Thus a single battle, fought on almost the self-same ground, though at an interval of more than six centuries apart, both established and subverted the Spanish-Arabic ascendency.—The two-fold coincidence is striking, if not unexampled.

We regained our direct road, and our ride presented us at every step with a varied succession of beautiful and sublime prospects. Spain, like all peninsulas, terminates Southward in bold cliffs, from the summits of which the view is magnificently extensive. Sometimes, through the leafy vista of the wild forest, we could see the mountain torrent leaping, as a hart, over rock and precipice till its crystal stream softly mingled with the waters of the unruffled Bay. We repeatedly called to mind Moore's fine imagery:

"As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last."

Far off to the right our eyes caught, at intervals, the snowy ridge of the Atlas, while nearer at hand, on either side of the Strait, the fabled Pillars of Hercules—"Gibel Mousa" on the African coast and "Gibraltar" on the European—lifted their gigantic masses grandly from the sea.

Englishmen are fond of discovering in the shape of Gibraltar, "full-charged with England's thunders," a resemblance to a lion couchant: and seen, as we now saw it, at a distance of ten or fifteen miles, there is, in truth, something in the outline not unlike England's national symbol.

In the evening, crossing the Bay from Algiceras, we reached Gibraltar, which is a free port, and consequently we were not annoyed by officials curious to inspect our passports and rummage our baggage for contraband. Yet we barely escaped an annoyance more vexatious than the custom-house—for we had scarcely touched the celebrated Rock, ere the signal-gun, "booming slow with sullen roar," announced that the gates were shut and would not be opened till next day at sunrise.

"We do all fade as the Leaf."

Autumn has clustered his cohorts
An army with banners green,
Tossing their branches like knightly spears,
In the sunshine's golden sheen.
    September's sun is flaming
    On ripened shock and sheaf,
    In lines of light proclaiming
    The fading of the leaf.
For the frost with its chilling hand comes down,
And snatches from nature her clustering crown,—
He spreads his cloak on the forest bright
And its pomp is passed in a single night,
While each waving bough where the woodbirds sung
It's shriveled leaves to the ground has flung,
And the birds to a brighter home have past,
For a withering blight on the scene is cast,
And the lingering shadows faintly fall
On the faded flowers like a funeral pall,
And over the blue of the beaming skies
A hazy veil like a covering lies,
And a softening calmness sadly steals

On the pensive spirit which shrinking feels:—
What a thousand wordless voices say—
"Seed time and harvest have passed away!"

The Lord of autumn assembles
An army exceedingly grand,
Glowing in beauty and strength supreme,
Arranged by the Master's hand;
Each buoyant breast is bounding
With a bliss as bright as brief,
While spirit knells are sounding
The fading of life's leaf!
For a fiercer blast and a keener chill
Than the touch of winter its pulses still,
And its joy dissolves with a mocking gleam,
And its visions fade like a fairy dream,
As over the heart with a murmur deep
The tempests of desolation sweep!—
High hopes like the summer birds are flown—
Sweet fancies along with the leaves are strown—
And fast on the future's trembling track
Forebodings are falling heavy and black,
While a legion of fearful fancies shroud
The path of the present as with a cloud,
And a mist, which no gleam of faith divides
The face of heaven from our vision hides,
And the soul repeats with a dumb dismay:
"Seed time and harvest have passed away."

The harvest is ended, summer is past
And death and winter are hurrying fast,
But the balmy breath of another spring
A fresher bloom to the earth will bring,
And the soul which drinks at the sacred fount
Of its God's supplying, shall upward mount
To a holy haven where sorrows cease
And doubt and despairing are merged in peace;—
And the weary heart and the aching breast
Are filled with the rapture of perfect rest,
And the spirit blooms in a brighter day
Though seed time and harvest have passed away!

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

THE hard fought and decisive battle of King's Mountain took place on the 7th of October, 1780. Its importance to the success of the American arms in the Revolutionary war, and the decided influence of the victory obtained there, upon the cause of American Independence, have scarcely been alluded to, by the historians of the North. By some of them, it has been mentioned, in a brief paragraph, as an unimportant skirmish,—out upon the remote frontier,—with few of its details and with no reference to its ultimate bearing on the question of liberty and independence. Botta—and he a foreigner—is the only historian who has given to the South even the appearance of justice, in his excellent history of the American Revolution. By other historians, defeats in the North have been magnified into victories, while the real and substantial triumph of the Southern soldiers and patriots at King's Mountain, is barely mentioned or entirely omitted.

To estimate fully and to understand properly the extent of this victory, it will be necessary to make a hasty examination of the condition of American affairs at the time of its occurrence.

The failure of the combined forces of General Lincoln and Count D'Estaing to re-capture Savannah, had left Georgia in the quiet possession of the enemy.—This brought to the aid of the British, many of the Indians and of the loyalists who had fled from the Carolinas and taken refuge among them. These were now emboldened to collect from all quarters, under cover of Prevosts' army. They either united with it, or joined in formidable bodies to hunt up and destroy the whig inhabitants. Many of these were forced in their turn, to forsake their homes, and transport their families beyond the mountains, to the secure retreats of Watauga and Nollichuchy. It became evident that all that was wanting to complete British ascendancy in the South, was the possession of Charleston. Should that metropolis and the army of Lincoln that defended it, be captured, the reduction of the whole State, and probably of North Carolina also, would ensue.—Charleston was, on the 29th of March, 1780, invested by Prevost. The defence was protracted under every discouragement and disadvantage, to the 12th of May, when General Lincoln found himself obliged to capitulate. The fall of Charleston was soon after succeeded by the rapid conquest of the interior country, and from the sea-coast to the mountains, the progress of the enemy was almost wholly an uninterrupted conquest. The inhabitants generally submitted, and were either paroled as prisoners, or took protection as British subjects. A few brave and patriotic men, under gallant and indomitable leaders, remained in arms, but were

surprised and cut to pieces by Tarleton and Webster, or for security from their pursuit, withdrew into North Carolina. The march of the enemy was continued towards the populous whig settlements, and garrisons were established at prominent points of the country, with the view of pushing their conquest still further into the interior. South Carolina was indeed considered, as a subdued British Province, rather than an American State, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Clinton, believing the conquest of the South complete, invested Lord Cornwallis with command and sailed for New York.

But in the midst of the general submission of the inhabitants, there remained a few unconquerable spirits, whom nothing but death could quell. These were Sumter, Marion and Williams, of South Carolina, and Twiggs and Clarke, of Georgia. The latter had withdrawn with about one hundred of his valiant, but overpowered countrymen, and sought safety in the remote settlements on the western waters. Here, their representations of the atrocities perpetrated by the loyalists, stimulated into life, the passion of the frontier-men for retaliation and revenge. They had left parents and kindred and countrymen east of the Alleghanies, and their hearts yet yearned for their safety and welfare. The homes of their youth were pillaged and the friends they loved were slain, or driven into exile. Above all, the great cause of American freedom and independence was endangered, the country was invaded by a powerful foe; and the exigencies of Carolina called aloud for the return of every absent son, for her rescue and defence. The call was promptly obeyed. And the mountain men—pioneers of Tennessee—were the first to resist the invaders.

In the meantime, the British army had advanced to Ninety Six, Camden and Cheraw. Their successes had stimulated into activity, the hitherto dormant disaffection of some of the inhabitants of North Carolina. The enemy was now approaching, in his career of conquest and victory, the southern boundary of that State. Many who had hitherto worn the mask of friendship, became now the avowed enemies of the American cause, and under loyalist leaders, assembled together at Ramsour's Mill, North Carolina, and after a hard conflict, had been dispersed. A similar body met on the Pacolet in South Carolina, under the command of Col. Patrick Moore.—Against these Colonels Sevier and Shelby, with their mountain men, and Colonel Clarke, with his refugee Georgians, six hundred in all, were dispatched by Gen. McDowell. The tory garrison surrendered. Another body of tories, under command of the British Col. Ennes, was also met and vanquished at Musgrove's Mill. The battle was scarcely over when a messenger rode into camp bearing the information that the grand army of General Gates had been disastrously defeated at Camden, and advising the Whig leaders to get out of the way as soon as pos-

sible, and escape with the prisoners they had captured. After a very earnest pursuit by Dupoister, Sevier, Shelby and Clarke made good their retreat across the mountain, and Gates, with the scattered fragments of his army, after the ill-advised and badly arranged battle near Camden, had ingloriously fallen back to Hillsborough; thus leaving scarcely a single armed corps to meet and repel the advance of Cornwallis into North Carolina, which he declared to be only the stepping stone to the easy conquest of Virginia. But these several military disasters were not the alone causes of the gloom and despondency, that now hung like a pall over the discouraging prospects of American success. The finances of Congress were in a most deranged condition, and daily becoming worse. The State treasuries were exhausted, and it had become impossible to subsist the army and to furnish the famishing soldiers either with clothing or ammunition. The confidence of the most steadfast friends of America was shaken, and hope of final success was almost annihilated in the bosom of every patriot.

This was the darkest period in the Revolutionary war. The British flag floated in triumph over Savannah and Charleston.—South Carolina was not only overrun, but was subdued and in the possession of the enemy, from the sea-coast to the Blue Ridge.—Cornwallis was in Charlotte, N. C., and profaning there the first Temple of Liberty and Independence. The confidence even of Washington, in our eventual success, was shaken. The brave had despaired and sought for safety in the remote seclusion of the Trans-montane settlements.—The timid were suing to the invaders for protection. But under all these discouragements—amid the conquests of the enemy, and the defection of quondam Whigs,—there were gallant patriots whose spirit never quailed. On the mountain heights and in the quiet retreats beyond them, was found the stern determination to conquer or to die. To rescue the country or become victims in its defence.

Cornwallis, elated with the conquest he had already made, remained in Camden only long enough to arrange civil affairs in South Carolina, before he should advance to further successes in North Carolina. But in the mean time he had sent Col. Tarleton and Major Ferguson with a detachment of soldiers to scour the country, to encourage the loyalists, and to intimidate the few remaining whigs, while he, with the main army, advanced to and took possession of Charlotte, where he intended to establish a post and garrison. This place he entered September 25, 1780.

Ferguson, who had been sent to the populous districts on the left of Cornwallis, to watch the movements of the patriot whigs on the Pacolet and Enoree, was near to Musgrove's Mill when that victory was won, and had detached Dupoister his second in command, in pursuit of the mountain men. Ferguson himself with the main body of his army follow-

ed close upon the heels of Dupoister, determined to retake the prisoners or to support his second in command, if he should overtake and engage the escaping enemy. But finding that his efforts were fruitless, he took post at a place then called Gilbert Town, two or three miles from the present Rutherfordton. From this place he sent a most threatening message by Samuel Philips, a paroled prisoner, that if the people west of the mountains did not lay down their opposition to the British arms, he would march his army over, burn and lay waste their country, and hang their leaders.

Patrick Ferguson, who had sent this insolent threat, was at the head of a large army. Of the loyalists composing a part of his command, some had previously been across the mountains, and were familiar with the passes by which these heights were penetrated. One of them had been subjected to the indignity of a coat of tar and feathers, inflicted during the past summer by the light-horse men of Capt. Robert Sevier, on Nollichuchy. He proposed to act as pilot to the command, which now stood at the foot of the Blue Ridge, ready to carry into effect, the threat made by Ferguson.

This officer had already displayed that combination of intrepid heroism, inventive genius and sound judgment, which constitute the valiant soldier and the able commander. In early youth, he entered the British army, and in the German war was distinguished by a courage as cool, as it was determined. The boasted skill of the Americans in the use of the rifle, was an object of terror to the British troops, and the rumors of their fatal aim, operated upon, and stimulated the genius of Ferguson. His invention produced a new species of that instrument which could be loaded at the breech, without using the rammer or turning the muzzle away from the enemy, and with such quickness of repetition as to fire seven times in a minute.*

In his march through the country, Ferguson had armed such of the inhabitants as were well affected to the British cause and had embodied them for their own defence. Now a Lieutenant Colonel, he was entrusted with the charge of thus marshalling the militia of all the upper Districts. Under his direction and conduct, a military force, at once numerous and select was enrolled and disciplined.

Receiving by the paroled prisoner, the threatening message from Ferguson, Colonel Shelby began at once to concert measures, suited to the approaching crisis. He visited Colonel Sevier, and they came to the determination, to raise all the riflemen they could, march hastily through the mountains and endeavor to surprise Ferguson in his camp. They hoped to be able, at least to cripple him, so as to prevent the execution of his threat. The day and the place were appointed for the rendezvous of the men. The time was the 25th of September, and the Sycamore Shoals, on Watauga, selected, as the most central point, and abounding

* Bisset.

most in the necessary supplies.

Colonel Sevier, with that intense earnestness and persuasive address, for which he was so remarkable, began at once to arouse the border-men for the projected enterprise. In this he found no difficulty. A spirit of congenial heroism, brought to his standard, in a few days, more men than it was thought either prudent or safe to withdraw from the settlements: the whole military force of which was estimated at less than a thousand men. Fully one half of that number was necessary to man the forts and stations, and keep up scouting parties on the extreme frontier. The remainder were immediately enrolled for the distant service. A difficulty arose from another source. Many of the volunteers were unable to furnish suitable horses and equipments. The iron hand of poverty checked the rising ambition of many a valorous youth, who

——"Had heard of battle
"And who longed to follow to the field some warlike chief."

"Here" said Mrs. Sevier pointing to her son James, not yet sixteen years old, "Here, Mr. Sevier, is another of our boys that wants to go with his father and brothers to the war, but we have no horse for him, and poor fellow! it is a great distance to walk." Colonel Sevier tried to borrow money on his own responsibility, to fit out and furnish the expedition. But every inhabitant had expended the last dollar in taking up his land, and all the money of the country was thus in the hands of the Entry-Taker. Sevier waited upon that officer, and represented to him, that the want of means was likely to retard, and in some measure to frustrate, his exertions, to carry out the expedition, and suggested to him the use of the public money in his hands. John Adair, Esq., late of Knox county, was the Entry-Taker, and his reply was worthy of the times and worthy of the man. "Colonel Sevier, I have no authority by law, to make that disposition of this money. It belongs to the impoverished treasury of North Carolina, and I dare not appropriate a shilling of it to any purpose. But if the country is overrun by the British, liberty is gone. Let the money go too. Take it. If the enemy, by its use, is driven from the country, I can trust that country to justify and vindicate my conduct. Take it."

The money was taken and expended in the purchase of ammunition and the necessary equipments. This act of Squire Adair was legalized by the Legislature of North Carolina, which passed to his credit $12,735, January 31, 1782.

Colonel Sevier also undertook to bring Colonel McDowell and other field officers, who with their followers, were then in a state of expatriation amongst the western settlers, into the measure. In this he succeeded at once. All of them had been driven from their homes, which were now deserted and exposed to the depredations of the disorderly and licentious loyalists, who had joined the Foreign enemy. Most of them had friends and kindred on whom Ferguson and his tories,

were even then wreaking their vengeance. These homes and these friends, they longed to rescue and protect from further violence and desecration.

To Colonel Shelby was assigned the co-operation of the riflemen of Western Virginia.—These had in many a past campaign with the pioneers of Tennessee, bivouacked and fought and triumphed together over a savage foe, and it was now deemed essential to the preservation of a common liberty and independence, to obtain the aid of these gallant men in resisting the invasion of the common country. Shelby wrote to Colonel Campbell, of Virginia, stating what had been concerted by Sevier and himself, and urging him to join them with his regiment. That gallant officer, true to the general cause, but most loyal to Virginia, replied that he preferred his original plan, which was to march his men down by the way of the Flower-Gap, and get on the Southern border of Virginia, ready to meet and oppose Lord Cornwallis, when he approached that State. A second application of Shelby was more successful, and Campbell replied that he would co-operate with his whole force.

Col. Campbell commanded four hundred men from Virginia; Col. Sevier two hundred and forty men from Washington County; Col. Shelby two hundred and forty men from Sullivan County in North Carolina. The refugee whigs mustered under Colonel McDowell. All were well mounted and nearly all armed with a Dechard rifle. This rifle was remarkable for the precision and distance of its shot. It was generally three feet six inches long, weighed about seven pounds and ran seventy bullets to the pound of lead. It was so called from Dechard, the maker, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The camp on Watauga on the 25th of September, presented an animated spectacle. The entire military force of the country was assembled at Sycamore Shoals.—Scarce a single gun-man remained that day at his own house. The young, ardent and energetic, had generally enrolled themselves for the campaign against Ferguson. The less vigorous and more aged, were left with the inferior guns in the settlements, for their protection against the Indians; but all had attended the rendezvous. The old men were there to counsel, encourage and stimulate the youthful soldier, and to receive from the colonels instructions for the defence of the stations during their absence. Others were there to bring, in rich profusion, the products of their farms, which were cheerfully furnished, gratuitously and without stint, to complete the outfit of the expedition. Gold and silver they had not, but subsistence and clothing and equipment and the fiery charger —any thing the frontier-man owned, in the cabin, the field or the range, was offered, unostentatiously, upon the altar of his country. The wife and the sister were there, and with a suppressed sigh, witnessed the departure of the husband and brother. And there, too, were the heroic moth-

ers with a mournful but noble pride, to take a fond farewell of their gallant sons.

The sparse settlements of this frontier, had never before seen assembled together a concourse of people so immense, and so evidently agitated by great excitement. The large mass of the assembly were volunteer riflemen, clad in fabrics of their own households, and wearing the hunting shirt, so characteristic of the backwoods soldiery, and not a few of them the moccasins of their own manufacture. A few of the officers were better dressed, but all in citizens' clothing. The mien of Campbell was stern, authoritative and dignified; Sevier was vivacious, ardent, impulsive and energetic; Shelby was grave, taciturn and determined; McDowell was moving about with the ease and dignity of a colonial magistrate, inspiring veneration for his virtues and an indignant sympathy for the wrongs of himself and his co-exiles. All were completely wrapt in the absorbing subject of the revolutionary struggle, then approaching its acme, and threatening the homes and the families of the mountaineers themselves. Never did mountain recess contain within it a loftier or more enlarged patriotism—never a cooler or more determined courage.

In the seclusion of their homes in the West, many of the volunteers had only heard of war at a distance, and had been in undisputed possession of that independence for which their Atlantic countrymen were now struggling. The near approach of Ferguson had awakened them from their security, and indignant at the violence and depredations of his followers, they were now embodied to chastise and avenge them. This they had done at the suggestion and upon the motion of their own leaders, without any requisition from the government of America, or the officers of the Continental army. Indeed, at this moment, the American army in the South was almost annihilated, and the friends of the American cause were discouraged and despondent. The British were every where triumphant, and the loyalists, under the pretence of promoting the service of his Britanic Majesty, were in many sections perpetrating the greatest outrage and cruelty upon the Whigs. The attitude of these volunteer detachments now assembled at Watauga, was as forlorn as it was gallant. At the time of their embodiment, and for several days after they had marched against the enemy, flushed with recent victories, and confident of further conquest, it was not known to them that a single armed corps of Americans was marshalled for their assistance and relief. The crisis was indeed dark and gloomy. But indomitable patriots were present, prepared and willing to meet it. The *personnel* of no army could have been better. There was strength, enterprise, courage and enthusiasm. The ardor and impetuosity and rashness of youth were there, to project and execute, with the wisdom of mature age to temper and direct them; the caution of the father and the irrepressible daring of the son.

Without delay, early on the morning of the next day after its rendezvous at Watauga, the little army was on the march. Before the troops left the camp, the officers requested that they should assemble for the purpose of commending the army to Divine protection and guidance. They complied promptly with the request. Prayer, solemn and appropriate, was offered by a clergyman present, and the riflemen mounted their horses and started on the distant campaign. They pursued Bright's trace across the Yellow Mountain. The staff was incomplete; rather there was no staff; no quarter-master, no commissary, no surgeon, no chaplain. As in all their Indian campaigns, being mounted and unincumbered with baggage, their motions were rapid. Each man, each officer, set out with his trusty Dechard on his shoulder; a shot pouch, a tomahawk, a knife, a knap-sack and a blanket completed the outfit. At night the earth afforded him a bed and the heavens a covering: the mountain stream quenched his thirst, his provision was procured from supplies acquired on the march by his gun. After passing the mountain, the troops, sparing the property of whigs, quartered and subsisted upon the tories.

On the second day, two of the men were missed. They had deserted and would doubtless escape to the enemy, and apprise them of the approach of the mountain men, and the route by which the march would be conducted. Owing to this apprehension, which was subsequently ascertained to be well founded, the troops, after crossing the Alleghany, left the frequented trace, and turned to the left, descending by a worse path than was ever before traveled, by an army of horsemen. Reaching the foot of the Blue Ridge, they fell in with Colonel Cleaveland, of Wilkes county and Colonel Winston, of Surry county, N. C., with three or four hundred men, who were creeping along cautiously through the woods, desiring to fall in with and join any party that might be going to oppose the enemy.

After reaching the settled country east of the mountain, additions were constantly made to the army—of officers with men, and of officers without men, and of men without officers; some few on horses—most of them on foot—but all eager to find and fight the enemy. It was an avalanche of patriotism and courage—never surpassed—rarely equalled.

The junction of the party from Wilkes and Surry took place about the first of October. The second day following was so wet, that the army could not move. The delay was improved by the commanding officers, meeting as if by instinct, in the evening, and holding a council. At this meeting it was determined to send to Headquarters, wherever it might be, for a general officer to take the command of the several corps; and that in the meantime they would meet in council every day to determine the measures to be pursued. Colonel Shelby was not well satisfied with these regulations, and in support of his ob-

jections, observed to the council, that they were then within striking distance of the enemy, who lay at that time, at Gilbert Town, sixteen or eighteen miles distant—that Ferguson would either attack or avoid them, until he gathered together such a force that they dared not approach.—He therefore advised that they should act with promptness and decision, and proposed that they would appoint one of their own number to command and march the next day and attack the enemy at Gilbert Town. He further proposed that Colonel Campbell was known to him as a gentleman of good sense and warmly attached to the cause of the country—was the only officer from Virginia and commanded the largest regiment in the army—and that he would accordingly nominate him as their chief. Shelby made this proposition for the purpose of quieting the expectations of some, that Colonel McDowell should assume the command. He was the senior officer present, the army was then in his military District, and he had commanded during the last summer against the same enemy—was, moreover, a brave man and a decided friend to the American cause. But he was considered too far advanced in life, and too inactive a man, to take charge of such an enterprise, against such an antagonist, as was immediately before them.—McDowell proposed that he would be the messenger to go for a general officer. He started immediately, and his brother, Joseph McDowell, took command of his men. On his way, about eight miles from camp, he fell in with Colonel James Williams, of South Carolina and a number of other field officers from that State, with near four hundred men. The intelligence of this opportune reinforcement, McDowell communicated by express.

Gilbert Town is distinguished as the extreme point of British invasion, in the direction of the home of the mountain men. To that place Ferguson, in the execution of his vain threat to invade and burn up their villages, had advanced and there erected His Majesty's standard, with the double purpose of securing the co-operation of the loyalists, and of preventing the rising and concentration of the whigs. At that place, he received intelligence of the avalanche of indignant patriotism accumulating along the mountain, and ready to precipitate itself upon, and overwhelm his army. From that place, enterprising as he was, he found it necessary to fall back and seek safety by a junction with the main army of Cornwallis, at Charlotte. Every movement of Ferguson, from the time he left his camp at Gilbert Town, indicated his apprehension of the impending danger. He commanded the loyalist militia, he importuned them, he held out the language of promise and of threatening, to stimulate their allegiance and excite their courage. He called in vain. A cloud was gathering upon the mountain, and his loyal militia knew, that it portended a storm and a disastrous overthrow. Ferguson changed his language and appealed to them in the

words of bitter reproach and contemptuous ridicule. On his retreat he issued a circular to the tory leaders, informing them of "an inundation of barbarians," calls the patriotic riflemen "the dregs of mankind" and importunes his loyalists thus, "If you wish to live and bear the name of men, grasp your arms in a moment and run into camp. The back-water men have crossed the mountain, McDowell, Hampton, Shelby and Cleaveland are at their head—so that you know what you have to depend on. If you choose to be degraded forever and ever by a set of mongrels, say so at once and let your women turn their backs upon you, and look out for real men to protect them."

After breaking up his camp at Gilbert Town, Ferguson had dispatched Abram Collins and —— Quinn, to Lord Cornwallis, informing him of his critical situation, and begging a reinforcement. After dispatching his letter, he marched on the fourth over Main Broad River to the Cowpens. On the fifth he continued his march to Tates', since Dear's ferry, where he again crossed and camped about a mile above. On the sixth, he marched about fourteen miles, and formed his camp on an eminence, where he waited for the expected reinforcements of loyalists in the neighborhood and of regulars from the royal army. The loyalty of the former quailed at the approach of the riflemen, and in this hour of need, their assistance was withheld; they remained out of the camp of Ferguson.

In the meantime, on Wednesday, the fourth of October, the riflemen had advanced to Gilbert Town. But Ferguson had decamped, having permitted many of the loyalists to visit their families, under engagement to join him on the shortest notice.—He had taken a circuitous march through the neighborhoods, in which the tories principally resided, to gain time and avoid the riflemen, until his forces could be collected and had joined him.—This retrogade movement betrayed his apprehensions, and pointed out the necessity of a vigorous effort to overtake him.—Having gained a knowledge of his designs, the principal officers determined in council to pursue him with all possible despatch. Accordingly, two nights before the action, the officers were engaged all night in selecting the best men, the best horses, and the best rifles, and at the dawn of day, took Ferguson's trail and pursued him with nine hundred and ten expert marksmen, while those on foot and with weak horses, were ordered to follow on more leisurely.

On the pursuit, the Americans passed near where several large parties of tories were collecting. At the Cowpens, sixty men under Col. Hambright and Major Chronicle, of Tryon county, and Col. Williams with the South Carolina troops joined them. Here they were informed that a body of six hundred tories were assembled at Maj. Gibb's four miles to the right, and would join Ferguson the next day. These they did not take time to molest. The riflemen from the

mountains had turned out to catch Ferguson; he was their object; and for the last thirty-six hours of the pursuit, they never alighted from their horses but once to refresh, for an hour at the Cowpens, although, the day of the battle was so extremely wet, that the men could only keep their guns dry, by wrapping their sacks, blankets and hunting-shirts around the locks, thus exposing their bodies to a heavy and incessant rain. The trail every hour became more fresh, and the Americans hurried with eagerness after the prey, which they determined should not escape their grasp. The advance met some unarmed men, who were fresh from Ferguson's camp, a short halt was made and these men were closely examined. From them it was ascertained, that the enemy was encamped three miles before them, and were to march next morning to Lord Cornwallis' Head-quarters; his position was accurately described and the route to the camp minutely given.—Colonel Williams and some of his men were well acquainted with the shape of the ground and the approaches to it.

It was now after twelve o'clock; the rain had ceased, the clouds had passed off; the sun shone brightly, and nature seemed to smile upon the enterprise at hand. It was determined to march at once upon the camp, and decide the conflict without further rest or refreshment. Each man was ordered to "tie up his over-coat and blanket—throw the priming out of his pan, pick his touch-hole—prime anew, examine his bullets and to see that everything was in readiness for battle."—While this was being done, the officers agreed upon the general plan of attack, which was to surround the eminence and make a simultaneous assault upon every part of the camp. The men were soon in their saddles and upon their march. When within a mile of the battle ground, an express from Ferguson was arrested; on whom was found a dispatch to Lord Cornwallis, urging him to send immediate reinforcements, and stating the number under his command; and that he was securely encamped upon a hill, which in honor of His Majesty, he had named King's Mountain, and that if all the rebels out of h—ll should attack him, they should not drive him from it. The contents of the dispatch were, with the exception of the number of the enemy, communicated to the riflemen, the march was resumed, their pace quickened, and they rode in a gallop within view of the camp of Ferguson.

A closer examination of the ground and the position of the enemy, demonstrated the feasibility of the plan of attack already concerted by the officers.—More minute arrangements were immediately made and carried into execution. It was decided that the troops commanded by McDowell, Sevier, Shelby and Campbell, being something more than half of the whole number of the assailants, after tying their horses, should file to the right and pass the crest of the mountain nearly out of reach of the enemy's guns, and continue around it till

they should meet the rest of the troops encircling the mountain on its other side, led by Hambright and Chronicle, and followed by Cleaveland and Williams; after which, each command was to face to the front, raise the Indian war-whoop, and advance upon the enemy. Accordingly the troops moved forward, and passing up a ravine, between two rocky knolls, came in full view of the enemy's camp above them, and about one hundred poles in front. Here they dismounted, and having tied their horses, left a small guard with them. The right wing or column was led by Winston and Sevier, the left by Cleaveland and Williams; the centre was composed of Campbell's men on the right, and Shelby's on the left. In this order, each officer having formed his ranks, led off at the same time to the position assigned him, under pilots selected from Col. Williams' men who were familiar with the ground.—On its march around the mountain, the right column discovered that there were two gaps or depressions in the ridge at the enemy's left flank—one about twenty poles from it, the other fifty.—It was decided to pass through the latter. About the time they entered it, the enemy began to fire upon them. The fire at first did not attract attention, until some of Shelby's men being wounded, that officer and McDowell determined to return the fire, and before they had crossed the ridge, broke off towards the enemy, through the gap nearest to his camp, and discharged their rifles with great effect. The rest of the column under Campbell, ascended the mountain, and poured in a deadly fire upon the enemy, posted upon its summit.—The firing became so heavy as to attract the attention of Ferguson, who immediately brought up a part of his regulars from the other end of his line, and a brisk charge was made upon the American right, by the British regulars and some of the tories. This charge pushed McDowell, Shelby and Campbell down the mountain. At this moment, the left column under Hambright, Chronicle, Cleaveland and Williams had driven in the enemy's picquets at the other extremity of the encampment, and advancing up the mountain, poured in a well directed fire on the enemy protected here by their wagons and some slight defences, and commanded by Ferguson himself. Dupoister, his second in command, was immediately recalled, ordered into line on the top of the ridge, and directed to make a charge with all the regulars upon the Americans at that end of the encampment. On his passage to the relief of Ferguson, Dupoister received a galling fire from the South Carolinians under Williams. The regulars were soon rallied, made a desperate charge, and drove the riflemen to the foot of the hill. There Major Chronicle fell.

In the mean time, the recall of Dupoister from the charge at the other extremity of the mountain, gave the appearance there of a retreat on the part of the enemy, and the men under Shelby, McDowell and Campbell, having

recovered from the slight disorganization produced by the first charge, rallied to the pursuit.—The cry was raised "huzza! boys, they are retreating; come on!" They advanced with great firmness up the hill, almost to the lines of the encampment, and for some time maintained a deadly conflict with the tory riflemen. Ferguson, as before, decided to resort again to the bayonet. But the marksmen had so thinned the ranks of the regulars, that the expedient was adopted of trimming the handles of the butcher knives, and adapting them to the muzzles of the tory rifles, and of thus using them in the charge. With the number of his bayonets thus enlarged, Dupoister returned to his first position, and made another charge. It was short, and feebly executed, and the regulars fell back within their lines.

About this time, the front of the two American columns had met, and the army of Ferguson was surrounded by the riflemen.—Their firing became incessant and general in all quarters, but especially at the two ends of the enemy's lines. Sevier pressed firmly and energetically against its centre, and was in his turn charged upon by the regulars.—The conflict here became stubborn and drew to it much of the enemy's force. This enabled Shelby and Campbell to reach and hold the crest of the mountain.

On all sides, now, the fire was brisk and deadly, and the charges with the bayonet, though less vigorous, were frequent. In all cases where the enemy charged the Americans on one side of the hill, those on the other thought he was retreating and advanced near the summit. But in all these movements, the left of Ferguson's line was gradually receeding and the Americans were plying their rifles with terrible effect. Ferguson was still in the heat of battle; with characteristic coolness and daring, he ordered Captain Dupoister to reinforce a position about one hundred yards distant, with his regulars; but before they reached it, they were two much thinned by the American rifles, to render any effectual support. He then ordered his cavalry to mount, with the view of making a desperate onset at their head. But these only presented a better mark for the rifle and fell as fast as they could mount their horses. He rode from one end of his line to the other encouraging his men to prolong the conflict. With desperate courage, he passed from one exposed point, to another, of equal danger. He carried in his wounded hand, a shrill sounding silver whistle, whose signal was universally known through the ranks,—was of immense service throughout the battle, and gave a sort of ubiquity to his movements.

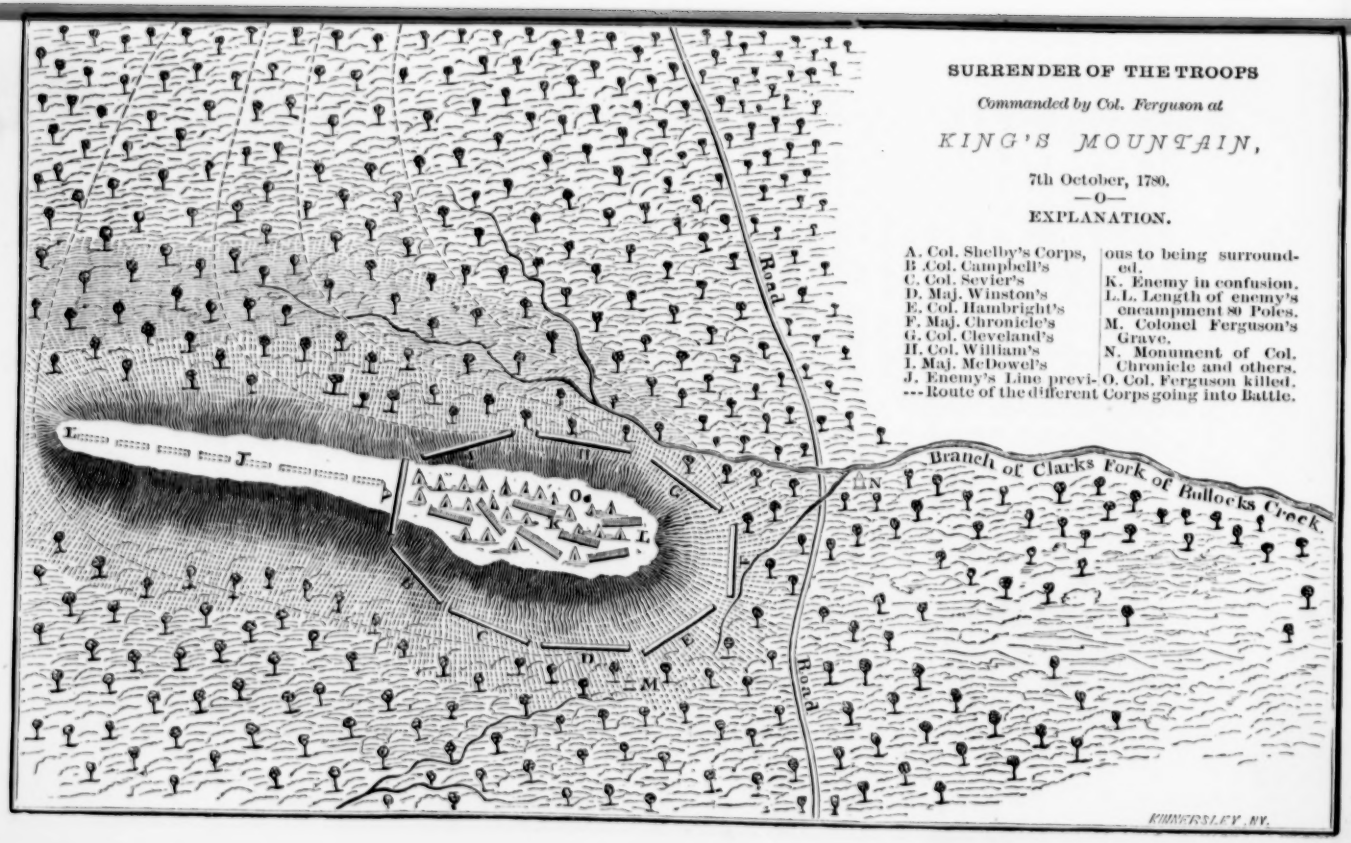
But the Americans having reached the top of the mountain, were gradually compressing the enemy, and the line of Ferguson's encampment was sensibly contracted. A white flag was raised by the tories in token of surrender. Ferguson rode up to it and pulled it down. A second flag was raised, at the other end of the line. He rode there too, and

cut it down with his sword. He was frequently admonished by Dupoister to surrender; but his proud spirit could not deign to give up to raw and undisciplined militia. When the second flag was cut down, Dupoister renewed his admonition. To this he replied, by declaring, he would never surrender to such a damned set of banditti as the mountain men. These men, while they admired the unyielding spirit of Ferguson, had noticed that whenever his voice or his whistle was heard, the enemy was inspirited to another rally. They believed that while he survived, his desperate courage would not permit a surrender. He fell soon after pierced by seven balls, and immediately expired.

The forward movement of all the American columns, brought them to a level with the enemy's guns, which heretofore in most instances, had over-shot their heads. The horizontal fire of the regulars, was now considerably fatal; but the rapid advance of the riflemen, soon surrounded both them and the tories, who being crowded close together, and cooped up into a narrow space by the surrounding pressure of the American troops, and fatally galled by their incessant fire, lost all hope from further resistance. Dupoister, who succeeded Ferguson in command, perceiving that further struggle was in vain, raised the white flag, and cried out for quarters. A general cessation of the American fire followed; but this cessation was not complete. Some of the young men did not understand the meaning of a white flag; others who did, knew that other flags had been raised before; and were quickly taken down. Shelby hallooed out to them to throw down their guns, as all would understand that as a surrender. This was immediately done. The arms were now lying in front of the prisoners, without any orders how to dispose of them. Col. Shelby, seeing the facility with which the enemy could resume their guns, exclaimed, "Good God! what can we do in this confusion?" "We can order the prisoners from their arms" said Lieutenant Sawyers. "Yes" said Shelby, "that can be done." The prisoners were accordingly marched to another place, and there surrounded by a double guard. Nearly all of the enemy's guns were found loaded.

The battle lasted about an hour. The loss of the enemy was two hundred and twenty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded and seven hundred taken prisoners. Total loss of the enemy eleven hundred and five. The riflemen captured also fifteen hundred stand of arms, a great many horses, and wagons, loaded with supplies, and booty of every kind, which had been plundered by the tories from the whigs.

The loss of the Americans was, twenty-eight killed, and sixty wounded. Of the former was Colonel Williams, of South Carolina. He fell a victim to the true Palmetto spirit, and intemperate eagerness for battle. Towards the close of the engagement, he espied Ferguson, riding near the line and dashed toward him with the gallant determination of a


SURRENDER OF THE TROOPS
Commanded by Col. Ferguson at
KING'S MOUNTAIN,
7th October, 1780.
—o—
EXPLANATION.
A. Col. Shelby's Corps,
B. Col. Campbell's
C. Col. Sevier's
D. Maj. Winston's
E. Col. Hambright's
F. Maj. Chronicle's
G. Col. Cleveland's
H. Col. William's
I. Maj. McDowel's
J. Enemy's Line previous to being surrounded.
K. Enemy in confusion.
L.L. Length of enemy's encampment 80 Poles.
M. Colonel Ferguson's Grave.
N. Monument of Col. Chronicle and others.
O. Col. Ferguson killed.
--- Route of the different Corps going into Battle.
Road
Road
Branch of Clarks Fork of Bullocks Creek
KIMBERSLEY, NY.

personal encounter. "I will kill Ferguson" exclaimed Col. Williams, "or die in the attempt," and spurring his horse in the direction of the enemy, received a bullet as he crossed their line.—He survived till he heard that his antagonist was killed, and his camp surrendered, and amidst the shouts of victory by his triumphant countrymen, said, "I die contented," and with a smile upon his countenance, expired.

Major Chronicle, who, with Col. Hambright led the left wing, was, in passing around the end of of the mountain, much exposed to the fire of the enemy above them, and little more than one hundred yards distant. He fell early in the engagement, while gallantly repulsing the British charge. A plain monument, erected at the foot of the hill where he fell, attests the grateful remembrance of his countrymen. It bears this inscription:

Sacred
To the Memory of
MAJOR WILLIAM CHRONICLE,
CAPT. JOHN MATTOCKS,
WILLIAM ROBB,
and
JOHN BOYD,
who were killed at this place,
on the 7th of October, 1780
fighting in defence of America.

On the other side of the same monument, facing the battle ground is inscribed,

COL. FERGUSON,
An officer of his Britanic Majesty,
was defeated and killed
At this place
on the 7th day of
October, 1780.

Of Col. Campbell's regiment, Lieutenant Edmondson, two others of the same name and family, and ten of their associates in arms, were killed. The names of the Virginia officers are Captains Dysart, Colville, Edmondson, Beattie and Craig. Lieutenants Edmondson and Bowen. Ensign Robert Campbell, who killed the British Adjutant, McGinnis, at the head of a charging party.—Captain Robert Edmondson said to one of his men, John McCrosky, that he did not like his place, and broke forward to the hottest part of the battle, and there received the charge of Dupoister's regulars, he discharged his rifle, dubbed his gun, knocked the musket out of the hands of one of the British soldiers, and seizing him by the neck, made him his prisoner, and brought him to the foot of the hill. Returning again to the British line, he received a mortal wound in the breast. After the surrender McCrosky went in search of his captain, and told him the battle was over, and the tories defeated. Edmondson nodded satisfaction and died.

Of the wounded in Col. Shelby's regiment was his brother, Moses Shelby, who, in a bold attempt to storm the enemy's camp, leaped upon one of the wagons, out of which the breastwork was formed, and was wounded. Fagan and some others were wounded in the same way. Col. Snodgrass, Captains Elliott, Maxwell and Webb and Lieutenants Sawyers all belonged to Shelby's regiment.

Of the regiment of Col. Sevier, the captains were his two brothers, Valentine Sevier, Robert Sevier, Joel Callahan, George Do-

harty, and George Russell. Lieut. Isaac Lane and Capt Robert Sevier were fatally wounded, but survived the battle a few days and were buried at Bright's on the return march. Among the privates were four others of the Sevier family, viz: Abraham Sevier, Joseph Sevier, and two of Col. Sevier's sons, Joseph and James, the latter in his sixteenth year.

William Lenoir, (afterwards General Lenoir,) was a captain under Col. Winston from Wilkes. He was encouraging the men who had received Dupoister's second charge, to load well and make a bold push against their assailants, when he received a slight wound in his arm and another in his side, while a bullet passed through his hair, just below the tie, without touching the skin.

Besides these already named there were in the battle of King's Mountain other ardent patriots and amateur fighters, who, unable to restrain their passion for war, had volunteered on this occasion. Amongst these were Brandon and Lacy, and Col. Wm. Hill* of South Carolina. The latter commanded one of the two regiments engaged at Hanging Rock. He was there severely wounded in the shoulder and carried the ball with him to his grave. He was at home in York District, being nursed, when the tories, under Col. Huck, came to it and burned his Iron Works. This was the only foundry for the casting of cannon and ball then in the South. Huck burned furnace and forge, grist mill, saw mill, dwelling and out-houses. Col. Hill himself narrowly escaped with his life. Some of his workmen were brutally murdered. The tories carried off one hundred negroes. They would not permit Mrs. Hill to save any of her wearing apparel, and even took the wedding ring off her finger. She escaped with a babe in her arms and walked three miles to a neighbor's house. In the mean time, Col. Hill was so far recovered from his wound as to enable him to be present in the fight at King's Mountain—though without command. It has already been mentioned that the pilots, under whose lead the several commands reached the place assigned to each in the programme of the battle, were selected from Col. Williams' men, who were necessarily familiar with the ground. Col. Hill was one of these pilots, and it is well established tradition that his familiarity with the eminence and its surroundings, enabled him to suggest to the commanders the plan of the battle. It is history that when that plan was announced to the council of officers, immediately before the action began, Sevier, in his emphatic manner, clapping his hands upon his sword, exclaimed, "Boys, by God, we have got them!" and dashed to the head of his men, and led them into the hottest of the fight.

The victory over Ferguson was complete. Not one of his men—regulars or tories—escaped. Being surrounded from the commencement of the battle by the riflemen, all were either killed or captured. The army encamped

* Grandfather of Gen. D. H. Hill.

upon the battle ground the night of the seventh. They had more prisoners than whigs with whom to guard them. They were in the neighborhood of several parties of tories, and had reason to expect that Tarleton or some reinforcements from Cornwallis, would attempt either to pursue or to intercept them. The next day was the Sabbath. Its dawn was solemnized by the burial of the dead. This mournful duty performed, the enemy's wagons were drawn by the men across their camp-fires, and after they were consumed, the return march was commenced.

As there was no other method of transporting the arms that had been captured, the strong and healthy prisoners were required to carry them. The flints were taken from the locks, and the most vigilant espionage kept over the prisoners by the troops, who marched the whole day, at a present. No escape or rescue was attempted. At sundown they met the men they had left on foot on their hurried march to the battle. The march was continued pretty close to the mountain, till the fourteenth, when a court-martial was held, over some of the prisoners. A few for desertion, others for greater crimes and some for the atrocities and murders perpetrated at Hill's Iron Works, were convicted and sentenced to be hung. The number brought under the gallows was thirty-two. Nine of these only were executed. Among these were, Colonel Mills, a tory leader, and Captain Grimes, a refugee tory from Watauga. The rest were respited.

Apprehending pursuit by Lord Cornwallis, whose head-quarters were close at hand across the Catawba, in Mecklenburg county, and determined to escape with their seven hundred prisoners and their fifteen hundred stand of arms, the colonels led off their victorious troops with their valuable spoils, to some place of safety in the direction of Virginia.—Sevier and his comrades re-crossed the Alleghany and remained in arms upon their own frontier. Campbell, Shelby and Cleaveland continued the march, with the prisoners, in search of some position of greater security. Passing through Hillsboro' where Gen. Gates then had his Head-quarters, these officers, made out their official report to that unfortunate commander.

The loyalists in the midst of the consternation that had been excited by the arrival of the riflemen, endeavored to communicate with Cornwallis, at Charlotte.—Some nights before the battle, two men came to the house of a Mr. Henry, in York district, and had supper given to them. After this two of Mr. Henry's sons came in from the Rebel army, and recognized the guests as tories. The brothers took the father out and told him that he was entertaining spies and insisted upon shooting them. The old man said that they had broken bread with him, and were sacred. An angry altercation took place between the father and sons. The latter agreed at length not to molest the men while in the house. They raised the neighbors, however, and gave hot chase the next day.

The spies fled toward Charlotte, whither they were carrying dispatches to Cornwallis. The whole country was out after them, and they got no farther than Bethel, where they lay hid a day or two in the barn of a tory. It was ever after believed that if these spies had reached Cornwallis, either the battle would not have been gained, or the fruits of it would have been lost.

Cornwallis, however, had heard from another source that Ferguson was in danger, and on the 10th he dispatched Tarleton with the light-infanty—the British Legion and a three-pounder, to assist Ferguson, of whose misfortunes he had yet no certain intelligence. Tarleton's instructions directed him to re-inforce Ferguson wherever he might find him, and to draw his corps to the Catawba, if after the junction advantage could not be obtained over the mountaineers; or upon the certainty of his defeat, at all events, to oppose the entrance of the victorious Americans into South Carolina. After the departure of Tarleton, intelligence reached Head-quarters, of Ferguson's defeat, and Cornwallis determined suddenly to retreat from Charlotte, which was done in haste and much confusion, on the night of the 10th. Rumor had magnified the march of the riflemen with their prisoners, as an advance of Americans, three thousand strong, upon Cornwallis himself, and to avoid another disaster—he precipitately crossed the Catawba and fell back to Winnsboro'.

Tarleton on his fruitless route to the assistance of Ferguson, had pressed into his service a Mecklenburg whig, whom he forced in as guide through an intricate way to a ford on Catawba.

The guide deceived him and led the dragoons to a crossing place, that was found to be impracticable. Tarleton was now re-called and North Carolina, for the present, evacuated.

General Bernard, an officer under Napoleon, and afterwards in the United States Engineer service, on examining the battle-ground of King's Mountain, said; "The Americans, by their victory in that engagement, erected a monument to perpetuate the memory of the brave men, who had fallen there; and the shape of the hill itself, would be an eternal monument of the military genius and skill of Colonel Ferguson, in selecting a position so well adapted for defence; and that no other plan of assault but that pursued by the mountain men, could have succeeded against him."

In speaking of the same battle, Mr. Jefferson said, "I remember well the deep and grateful impression made on the mind of every one, by that ever memorable victory. It was the joyful enunciation of that turn in the tide of success, that terminated the revolutionary war with the seal of our Independence."

Most truly was this said by Mr. Jefferson. It was indeed *the turn* in the tide of success. Heretofore, all had been gloom and doubt, uncertainty and discouragement. After the victory of King's Mountain, the American arms never again suffered a real de-

feat. They triumphed soon after at the Cowpens, and more than sustained themselves at Guilford Court House, conquered at Eutaw—and captured Cornwallis and his whole army at Yorktown, and conquered a peace and secured American Independence.

It is pleasant to know that as the battle and victory of King's Mountain was the best fought and most decisive, of any that occurred in the war, so the whole campaign reflects the most enduring honor upon the master spirits of the day, whose patriotism conceived, and whose valor carried it into execution. The whole history of the expedition demonstrates that the mountain men who undertook it, were not actuated by any apprehension that Ferguson would attempt the execution of his idle threat against themselves. For, to these mountaineers, nothing than such a scheme would make prettier game for their rifles; nothing more desirable than to entice such an enemy, from his pleasant roads, rich plantations and gentle climate, with his ponderous baggage, valuable armory,and the booty and spoils of his loyalists, into the very centre of their own fastnesses, to hang upon his flank, to pick up his stragglers, to cut off his foragers, to make short and desperate sallies upon his camp, and finally to make him a certain prey without a struggle, and without a loss.

Nor was it the authority, or influence of the State nor of the Government, that led to this hazardous service, or prompted this campaign. Many of these volunteers knew not whether to any, or to what State they belonged. Insulated by mountain barriers, and in consequent seclusion from their Eastern and Northern friends, they were living in primitive independence, where British taxation and aggression had not reached. It was a gratuitous and unselfish patriotism, that incited their enterprise. In those days, to know that American liberty was invaded, and that the only apparent alternative in the case, was American independence or subjugation, was enough to nerve their hearts, to the boldest pulsations of freedom, and to ripen their purposes to the fullest determination of putting down the aggressor.*

It has been said that the patriotism of the riflemen was gratuitous and unselfish. It was eminently so. Not a single volunteer received a dollar—much less a bounty—for his expenses, his equipments—his toils or his sufferings. Each one scorned and discarded the belittling influence of money. Nobler impulses glowed in their bosom, and actuated their conduct. They defended and fought for right, conscience, liberty and self-government.—They asked for, and expected no other reward. This achieved, they were disbanded. Toils and marches, and watches by night and by day were cheerfully endured, and wherever the enemy could be found, his camp assaulted or his breast-works stormed, the rifleman was there, ready, with his spirited charger, his war-

* Foster.

whoop and his rifle, to execute the purpose of his mission.

The enemy—both British and loyalists, in defiance of the true spirit of genuine chivalry, insulted and warred against non-combatants and burned, destroyed or appropriated private property. But to the honor of the riflemen, no such spoils or plunder were taken by them. Their integrity and honor, were as little impeached or stained as their valor. They went home enriched by no spoils, stained by no dishonor; enriched only by an imperishable fame, an undying renown and unquestionable claim to the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen and of posterity.

IN MEMORY OF MAJOR T. M. N.

ÆTAT. 71

They fail from council and from camp! They are falling one by one!
Those grand old heroes of the stamp of God-loved Washington!
The task is wrought, of mighty MEN, their glorious day is done
And Freedom mourns a faded star with every setting sun.

The mould is broken! here no more those regal souls we meet,
Who kept their honor tho' the world had rocked beneath their feet,
With that clear dignity that shone no clearer for renown,
That matchless majesty that won but would not *wear* a crown.

The massive brow! the kindly hand! the proud and stalwart form,
That stood as beacons in the night, as bulwarks in the storm!
How few and far in Glory's slope, their less'ning numbers stand!
The Pillars of a People's hope! The Titans of the land!

Now! when descends the sullen night, our country's darkest hour,
When Demagogue and Parasite defile the seats of Power:
When dust is on the Eagle's crest, and stain on stripe and star,
Whose limbs shall fill their robes in peace, or lift their swords in war?

One more to that immortal band! that long illustrious line,
That courts no nobler name, old Friend! no purer soul than thine!
Thou! with the Mighty in their death, their rest and their reward,
Sleep! in thy cloudless Fame and Faith! Oh! Soldier of the Lord!

Yea! with the Mighty in thy death! yet not with these alone,
With many a loving heart that beat most truly to thine own;
Sleep! with the Sword-Cross on thy breast, the well-worn scabbard by,
Fit symbols of a Soldier's rest, and his reward on high!

VENEZUELAN EMIGRATION.

I have been so much struck by the excellence of the scheme proposed, that perhaps you will allow me space to express my opinion. It is difficult to define the principles of colonization, because so much has been said upon the subject; yet the matter is plain enough.—There are colonies which bear a Greek, others a Roman, type, and little light is thrown upon modern emigration, when they are spoken of so confidently. In the present day settlements, like the military Roman, are rare, but it will ever be regretted, if colonists lose that fine sense of the sacred fire burning in the hearths of their mother-country, which characterized the Greek reluctantly quitting all his most cherished associations, yet determined to preserve them in his new abode. If that sense be lost, all is lost, whatever territorial advantages a new colony may claim for itself. Chios, the famous Greek island, one of whose chief cities contended for the honor of having given birth to Homer, is an instance in point. How prosperous she was. Why did she fall except through cruel oppression? In an emigration scheme it is necessary that moral and social qualities be combined in happy union. The Southern States fortunately possess this requisite combination. The colonists cannot be accused of a deficiency in patriotism, when that public virtue has been exhibited through a long career. There is a brilliant future in Venezuela.—Those who emigrate have no cowardly misgivings for their old country, but justly imagine that a great people will always be great, wherever it is fixed. Venezuela has met them with thorough congeniality; her land is given freely, because she is glad to welcome colonists who will do her honor. In their turn they have responded to the offer, I perceive by the published papers.—It is a most well-timed concurrence of ideas when a government gives 240,000 square miles to Dr. Price, and the grantee uses the really large empire conceded for the benefit of his country. The colonists are to be, as far as my knowledge extends, allowed free institutions—in other words the old institutions of England and the Southern States. Efficient support will be rendered in England, and indeed has already been rendered by a distinguished Southern lady whose husband is the sole attorney of Dr. Price. As became her sex, she has provided for the moral wants of the infant colony. Making an appeal to the English public, she has been able to get together a noble library, besides other things essential for a young State. Two men of eminence in England must be mentioned with the highest praise The Bishop of Llandaff and Canon Dale at once brought the claims of the library, and the natural wants of the new settlement, before the great English society which specially takes under its charge religion and education—the Christian Knowledge Society.

The result was what might have been expected. The Society was delighted at the opportunity of promoting religious and educational development in America. But so were other Societies, amongst whom I must particularize the 'British and Foreign Bible,' and the 'Dublin Tract.' Individuals have been equally active, amongst them some of our most eminent clergy and leading ladies. Where all have done service, it is invidious to particularize, but I should do great injustice if I were not to call special attention to the donations of Mrs. Liscombe Clarke, the widow of one of the great ecclesiastical dignitaries connected with an ancient English cathedral.—It would indeed be hard if humanity were not supported by the high and intellectual consolations which alone render it supportable. The library is a pleasing stream flowing by the side of the thorny paths which beset the course of every emigrant; all that makes a colony lovely ought to be encouraged.

I must, before concluding, say a word about Venezuela herself.—The soil is fertile—Humboldt, none of whose prophecies has ever failed of realization, pronounced Venezuela the future queen of cotton, and his opinion has been corroborated by Mr. Linden, who directs both the Jardin d' Acclimation at Paris and the Zoological Gardens of Brussels.—Caraccas is also allowed to be the best tobacco-exporting town in the world. With such natural advantages, what will be the result when an industrious English population—I say English advisedly, for in England we do not make the mistake of calling the Southerners, Americans, we style them English—settle in this too much neglected portion of the globe. There is not much fear that they will be without good government. The people which produced such generals and statesmen as Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Calhoun, Clay, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and last, but not least Jefferson Davis, will fulfill Mr. Gladstone's brilliant statement in their new colony.

OXONIENSIS.

OXFORD, ENGLAND, July 21, 1867.

TRUTH

What the Schoolmistress read to her Little Flock.

"The Schoolmistress was polite enough to say she would read it next day to her little flock. But she would tell the children, she said that there were better reasons for truth, than could be found in mere experience of its convenience, and the inconvenience of lying."—*Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.*

Come my children listen to me
While I tell you a story,
Which contains a life-long lesson
Folded in an allegory.

Years ago when I was younger
Than the youngest of you all,
Nothing but a little toddler
Scarcely yet ashamed to crawl;
Came to me two lovely beings
On a glorious summer's day,
As I wandered 'mid the flowers
In an idle child-like way.

One was dressed in snowy garments
And her face was lily-fair,
Whilst her eyes like blue wood-violets
Beamed beneath her golden hair.
With a smile serene and gentle,
In my outstretched hand she placed
Ivory-blocks of snowy whiteness,
Golden letters on them traced.

Dressed in rainbow hues the other,
And her hair was black as night
Glowed her cheeks like full-blown roses
'Neath her dark eyes' flashing light.
Joyous was her laugh and ringing
As she said with mocking grace,
"Blocks of Truth won't roll my darling
Take my play things in their place."

In my hand she placed, while speaking,
Balls of many a varied hue,
Purple—crimson—green and golden
Mottling into pink and blue.

All were different—but on each
Three small letters might be seen,
Shifting, changing,—hither, thither,
Now in purple, then in green.

Both their gifts with childish longing
In my eager hands I grasped,
Never pausing to consider
What it was that thus I clasped.
Unto me they were but play-things
At my will to toss about,
So upon the grass I threw them
With a merry joyous shout.

Now the blocks I shook and rattled,
Then the balls I rolled away,
Caring not where either went to
So I had my hour of play.
But the balls while smoothing gliding
Just where I would have them go
Soon were faded, stained and tarnished
While the blocks were white as snow.

Then I found I could not trust them,
From my reach they'd glide away,
And although with care I placed them,
Where I put them would not stay.
One I valued more than any,
Streaked with crimson, flecked with gold,
As I dropped it from my fingers
Underneath a rose bush rolled;

But with rapid steps I followed
And in eager child-like way,
Soon was groping 'neath the branches
Where I fancied that it lay.
But my hands were scratched and bleeding,
And my white dress torn and stained,
Whilst I wept in bitter sorrow
E'er my treasure I regained.

Then as I grew older, wiser,
And could read the letters three,
Hid beneath the shifting colors
I deciphered L. I. E.

And I dropped the balls of Falsehood,
Took the snow-white blocks instead
Where engraved in golden letters
"TRUTH" on every one I read.

Thus I early learned a lesson—
Which to you I fain would teach,
Falsehoods though they roll so smoothly
Often glide beyond our reach;
And a lie we cannot follow
Through the devious ways 'twill roll
Without many a spot and blemish
To the garments of the soul.

So remember little children
Ever to your dying day—
That the pleasure falsehood gives you
For its evils will not pay.
And though Truth won't roll nor glitter
With the rain-bow's shifting dyes
In the end you'll always find it
Surer than convenient lies.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

ADAM REDIVIVUS.

"MY daughter, Mary, Mr. La Fronde—I expect you to be good friends." The words rang out in Mr. Franklin's most cordial style, and Louis, who stood in the library of the splendid mansion of the speaker, turned towards him to make his acknowledgment to the young lady thus frankly and unceremoniously presented to his notice.

She was a tall, refined looking girl, fair as any lily, with limpid blue eyes, and hair of the soft yellow shade, which so rarely outlasts childhood. Regularly beautiful she certainly was not, but her elegance of appearance, extreme delicacy of figure, and, above all, a fragility and sort of tender sadness which were probably the result of her state of health, invested her with attractions which seemed to appeal to the sympathies, as well as the attention, of the beholder. She responded with a grave serenity to the courtly greeting of the young gentleman, extending a delicate transparent hand, repeated the welcome to Louisville which his position as a member of her father's household seemed to

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demand. She did not confine her cordiality to words, but in her intercourse with Mr. La Fronde, she strove, by every gentle office within her reach, to make him forget that he was a stranger and induce him to feel himself at home.

A home it was, in the fullest sense of the word, and Loui, for the first time in his life, obtained an insight into the pure enjoyment of domestic life and the blessings of a household whose governing principle was peace and good will to all.

Never were there two persons who understood more thoroughly than Mr. and Mrs. Franklin did, the meaning of the pleasant Pagan admonition, "Carpe diem."—They not only seized every day, but contrived that each of its hours should pass freighted with some amusement or enjoyment, carrying out in all their devices the principle of the greatest good to the largest number, to its fullest extent. Hospitality held her head-quarters in their gay and charming home, and the name of their friends was legion, while their perfect oneness of sentiment and mutual love had passed almost into a proverb. A long life of prosperity had been theirs, chequered now and then by the death of fair and tenderly loved children who passed away almost before their parents had begun to realize that their birth conferred an added enjoyment to the happiness which had been perfect without them.

Mr. Franklin was one of those men in whom all elements of character seemed to blend in harmonious union, and who at the same time possessed the power of calling out whatever was best and noblest in the nature of those with whom he was associated. Cordial, utterly unselfish, and possessed of an honest frankness, which seems to be the special characteristic of his State, his great learning, ready wit, and indomitable good nature, gave him a passport to every heart, and as honors and wealth poured in upon him, his heart, instead of contracting and growing hard under their influence, seemed to expand into increased benevolence and generosity to all his kind.

Mrs. Franklin, the belle of her day, lost none of her attractive qualities by becoming the wife of one so unusually beloved as her husband. Their house became the nucleus around which was gathered, not only the brightest spirits of Louisville, but of the entire State, and when, after having served a number of terms in the Legislature of Kentucky, Mr. Franklin was elected to Congress, the popularity which had attended them at home accompanied them to Washington, and their reputation became cosmopolitan.

Beautiful in person, with a majestic dignity of manner which would have graced a crowned head, Mrs. Franklin made a queen indeed, and in genuine largeness of heart, geniality of disposition, was a helpmeet well worthy her husband.

Mary at her birth exhibited the same delicacy of constitution which had distinguished her little sisters and brothers, and for a

long time, it seemed a certainty that she would add another to the little rosewood coffins which lay in the family vault. But the ceaseless care which was exerted in her behalf appeared to baffle the inherent disease, and she lived on, though more like some frail plant, than a human being.

Her parents, who had felt the loss of their other children more as a shadowy grief than with the bitterness of real sorrow, found in this living one an amount of happiness which they had never before considered essential, and poured out the deepest feelings of their hearts upon her. Their affection for her, however, did not resemble the warm and devoted love they gave each other, but became etherealized, as it were, and sublimated to a higher and more spiritual nature.

Indeed everything pertaining to the gentle girl so appropriately named Mary, seemed to partake of a pure and elevated character, and to become spiritualized by the mere impress of her individuality. So apparent was this emenation, even from her babyhood, that instead of the usual pet names which cluster round the cherished darling of a home, her parents instinctively adopted the one of "little angel." The title was fast becoming a household word, when the protest against its use by Mary's old nurse, on the ground that a baby thus called never grew to childhood, caused it to be tacitly abandoned. Though, as she grew on and on in her winning loveliness, the little one became more and more confirmed in character to the angelic ministrants with whom she seemed worthy to hold unseen communion.

As is often the case, permitted, it would seem, by the direction of a special Providence, the child, unconsciously influenced by the precarious condition of her health, obtained a familiarity with death which robbed it of half its terrors. Debarred from the sports and amusements of hardier and more material children, and accustomed to the society of persons much older and more advanced than herself, she acquired an amount of general information far beyond her years, without losing in any degree the sweet simplicity of character which formed one of her loveliest traits. Holding communion with herself, as she sat silent but most observant, in the brilliant re-unions in which were gathered the greatest minds of the age, the girl learned to create for herself an inner world in which she mostly lived, peopling it with spiritual denizens as pure and guileless as herself. She had little knowledge of spiritual life in any higher form of expression, for Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, though morally almost perfect, and so far as regarded their observance of all acts in which their neighbor is concerned, possessed little more acquaintance with real vital religion, than if they had been a couple of highly refined and very charming heathen.

Their pew, with its cushions and lining of purple velvet, was occupied with tolerable regularity, and, so far as a decent outward regard for the observance of the Sabbath was concerned, it was kept holy. But there was no at-

tempt made at even a form of Godliness, and whatever good seed fell from the pulpit upon their hearts was soon choked by the pleasures and riches of the world.

When Mary was twelve years old, she was too unwell to accompany her parents to Washington, and was placed with a relative of her mother's who lived in Mississippi. Happily for the girl, this lady, in addition to an uncommon loveliness of disposition, united a piety as deep as it was unostentatious, and, under her gentle teachings, Mary Franklin was led into that path whose ways are pleasantness and the end everlasting life. So much attached did she become to her affectionate instructress, that it was with almost a feeling of relief that she received the intimation that her father preferred her remaining in the quiet and healthfulness of her rural home, rather than have her subjected to the heat, dust, bustle and general discomfort, which make up the concomitants of Washington life during the Long Session. The blessed influences thus exerted upon the mind of one so wise, and yet so humble as Mary, did not pass away when she was removed from the sphere of their immediate action. She returned to her luxurious home, and to all outward appearance, was the same quiet girl, whose pre-disposition to gravity, and disinclination for the gayety in which her parents delighted, formed the only instance of a want of congeniality between them. But with her, inwardly, "old things had passed away and all things had become new," and, from henceforth, her heart was filled with "the peace which passeth all understanding," and which overflowed through her life in an hundred streams of charity and love.

Her parents knew nothing of the new source of happiness which filled the life of their child, and replaced with a sweet contentment, the spirit of unrest which. indefinable, but most clearly apparent, had hitherto interposed itself between her and enjoyment.

They were certainly aware of a change which had removed the slight irritability so common to invalids, and which formed the only blemish on her otherwise lovely character. And, as the time went on, and the girl's religious impressions attained strength and permanency, the gravity of her manner was merged into a uniform cheerfulness, with a pensive cast upon it, which somehow affected one with the same sense of repose which is produced by the silvery shower of the morn falling upon the luxuriant foliage of some strong-rooted tree.

She was too timid and too reticent to speak much of herself, the more so, that she dreaded that a source of so much happiness to her should make a barrier between herself and her beloved parents, and charge them with wrong as it would tacitly seem to do. So she buried it deep in her own young heart and stood, by acts of piety and devotion, to exemplify the motive spring of her existence. Such she was at the time of her father's return, and the introduction of Mr. La Fonde into the

household of which he speedily became the asknowledged favorite.

Mr. Franklin, who began by giving a dozen good qualities on trust, soon found enough material to warrant his confidence and justify a still larger advance of it.—Loui was moral, daintily fastidious in his associations, scrupulously high-toned and honorable as the world's code of honor goes, and withal, his finished education, knowledge of the world, and undoubted talents, were greatly in his favor, and Mr. Franklin looked no deeper into his character, and asked no higher degree of excellence.

With Mrs. Franklin his ease, *savoir faire*, and perfect grace of manner were enchanting, and she soon learned to look on his companionship as a positive necessity, and treated him with a charming mixture of feminine dignity and motherly fondness. Loui responded most gracefully, installed her in the place in his affections made vacant by separation from his aunt, and submitted to the course of attention which she applied with a lazy nonchalance, which seemed as if he were accepting a right.

There was something about the imperious beauty and half scornful indifference of manner that marked the heir of La Fronde, which was indescribably attractive to every member of the softer sex with whom he might be thrown into association, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to pet him and offer him delicate favors, which would have been refused with indignation were a less gifted person in question.

Gifted he certainly was in all that is brilliant and attractive, and with this addition to its other charms, the house of Mr. Franklin became gayer and more popular than ever.

As the winter melted into spring the household was engaged in a perfect whirl of fashionable dissipation, and every expedient by which great wealth and boundless liberality could be made to minister to luxury and enjoyment, was successfully resorted to, and the result was a state of life which tended to remove effectually from Loui's mind, all traces of the horrible scene which had so lately transpired.

Mary Franklin moved through the wild gayety around her, in it, but not of it; gentle and ever compliant to the wishes of others, no one suspected that her participation in scenes in which young girls of her age find so much delight, was a matter of positive self-sacrifice, which would have been actual pain, but for a new source of happiness which, powerful as the prophet's rod, budded, flowered, and bore fruit almost simultaneously.

How it came, or whence it emanated, was a matter of profound ignorance to the timid creature, who knowing that her heart was suffused with a new, strange joy, rested content in that knowledge and, under its subduing influence, grew happier and more placid as the days went on.

The inevitable sequences, old as the earth, when the premises given are too young hearts thrown into constant companionship, was re-produced in Mary's case, and

without owning the fact even to her own heart, she loved Loui La Fronde with an absolute devotion, all the stronger that her nature was in general, calm and undemonstrative. She made no more examination into the source or springs of her feelings than a bird does when under the skies of spring she turns instinctively to her mate, but poured out the wealth of her guileless adoration on a man, who regarded her as he did the memory of some medieval saint, a something sweet, serene, half holy, but utterly beyond the reach of human life and human love. It was the old story of Clyte and the Apollo—the poor little flower gazed upwards to the Majesty blazing above her, thankful for the brightness which glorified her existence even though shared in common with the Universe, and the Sun rode through his golden path without even a thought of the fragile creature whose life was merged in his splendor.

Yet despite his utter personal indifference to Miss Franklin, Loui was subject to an unconscious, but most powerful influence, of which she was the cause. Her loveliness, perfect purity, and utter unworldliness, appealed to his delicately sensitive perceptions, and through her, he learned to award to her entire sex an amount of respect which completely reversed his former convictions in regard to them.

As strange as it seems, by the mysterious workings of that complicated and exquisitely delicate machinery which propels the world of thought and the inner-life, Loui, under the influence, now indirectly affecting him, was actually learning to love, not her who produced it, but the original of the lovely picture which lay nestling on his heart.

Mary did not suffer in the article of lovers, for in addition to her personal attractions and refined manners, her father's wealth and great popularity made her an object of almost universal interest. One gentleman, in particular, had been exceedingly devoted previous to her visit to Mississippi, and on her return, he renewed his attentions in so unmistakable a manner as to leave no doubt of his affection or desire for its reciprocation. To the astonishment of her own family and the circle in which she moved, when Mr. Cameron presented himself as a formal candidate for her hand, he was mildly but so decidedly rejected, that, convinced of her unalterable determination, he gave a public vent to his disappointment, and left Louisville.

The family were assembled one rainy night in Mr. Franklin's cosy sitting room, sacred to them and a few very intimate friends, and on some chance remark being made which re-called Mary's lover and the unusual effect her rejection had produced on him, Mr. Franklin began to banter her in his usual playful style.

"Well, Lady," he said, addressing her by the pet name almost as much used as her baptismal one, "Confess now, as we are in private, your reason for refusing a man who has every quality for gaining a woman's affection, and seems fitted in every

respect, to secure it. Come, sweet, why didn't you marry Cameron?"

She bent her head over the pretty crochet work in her slight hands, and, while her fair face flushed rosy pink as the lining of a shell, she said quietly, "Father, I did'nt love him."

"I think, my dear, said Mrs. Franklin, looking up from the game of écarté which she was playing with Loui, "that you scarcely allowed yourself time enough to know your real feelings on the subject."

"Feeling is not a matter of time mother, nor is love," was the quiet reply.

"Hurrah for my Lady!" exclaimed her father, who regarded all she said or did with the delight mingled with surprise which one displays at the unexpected acumen of a little child. "My dear, I think she has you there! But it feeling and love is not a matter of time, of what is it Lady Bird?" and he patted the bended head.

"Of the heart, father," she said, looking earnestly at him.

"Heyday," he laughed in return, as he winked towards his wife, "here is a feminine Saul among the prophets—what do you know of hearts and love, Rosebud?"

"Enough to know that I did not love Mr. Cameron," was the reply, in a tone of quiet decision;

"You are your father's own child, sweet—reasoning in a circle, and not to be driven, by any amount of argument, from your position! Will you please to inform me how you know you didn't love Mr. Cameron?"

"Yes, father," she said simply, while the crotchet needle of gold and mother of pearl seemed to fly through her fingers. "I never blushed when he came, nor sighed when he went away, and my heart never told me when he was near, as I know it would do if I loved him—I did not wonder if I could be worthy of him, or fear I could never, do what I might, be able to gain his love—I didn't feel that he was my very life—I didn't—I didn't love him, father!"

"Did you ever love any body, Pet?" said her father, half in earnest. "By Jove, my dear, your daughter is indeed an adept in ars amandi! La Fronde, if you desire any information in the premises, I advise you to call on this young professor!" and Mr. Franklin pinched the cheek of the young person he was eulogizing.

"I thank you, sir," was the polite reply, as Mr. La Fronde examined the five cards just dealt him by his spirited adversary, "I appreciate the advantages of your offer, but—I have the king," with a bow to Mrs. Franklin, "but as I have no desire to become a pupil in the science of love, I am compelled to decline it." Meeting the bright eyes of his partner at this moment, Mr. La Fronde was struck by a very peculiar expression in them, and a disagreeable sensation shot through his mind to the effect that a deeper meaning was attached to his careless words than he had by any means intended.

He said nothing further, but finished his game in which he was winner, and then claimed a game of chess from Miss Franklin.—

She laid aside her crotchet to engage in her favorite amusement, which brought the clear astuteness of her intellect into full exercise, and took her place at the table with an alacrity which clearly attested her satisfaction.

Her parents looked on with delighted interest at the game, which was speedily ended by a series of brilliant moves on the part of Loui, and when his triumphant "check mate" rang out, they exchanged significant smiles.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

Grand is the gilded organ's note
When in Cathedrals vast and dim
Through nave and aisle its deep tones float
In wailing dirge or lofty hymn.
Sweet is the Church-bell's mellow peal,
At rosy dawn or twilight hour,
As soft yet sad its low chimes steal
From snowy spire or ivied tower.

And sweet at night the silver lute
On moon-lit lake, or light guitars
In orange bowers, or sound of flute
When crimson skies first glow with stars.
And sweet to hear at ruddy morn
The shepherd's pipe, the reaper's strain,
The echo of the huntsman's horn
In forest depths—o'er hill and plain.

But sweeter still the melodies
From nature's countless harps that steal;
Now soft as zephyr's faintest sighs,
Now grand as rolling thunder's peal.
He, who communes with her in love,
Will hear weird lyres in leafy trees;
An orchestra in every grove,
A minstrel in each wandering breeze—

Pastoral hymns in tasselled corn,
The rustling wheat in golden sheen,
The orisons of larks at dawn,
The bleat of flocks on hills of green;

Sweet idyls in the low of herds,
The cascade's fall o'er mossy stones,
The babbling brook, the song of birds,
Or pine-grove's mournful undertones.

Her music suits our changeful moods—
Now gay as airy madrigal;
Plaintive anon as autumn woods,
Or dirges in death's ritual.
Our fitful moods oft shift and change—
Her notes remain in every clime
Unaltered by the flight of age,
Sweet now as when in Eden time.

Birds hushed their warblings in surprise,
And sought their nests in arbors dim,
To list beneath Eve's purple skies
Earth's bridal pair's first vesper hymn.
In wastes where winds like demons howl
Is heard the hum of insect wing;
Though croak the raven—hoot the owl,
E'en there glad birds oft carols sing

Sounds grating to our mortal ears
In God's accord—the bittern's wail
In unison with starry spheres,
Or silver-throated nightingale.
Earth, ocean and the vaulted skies
To God one ceaseless anthem raise,
In choral tones their voices rise,
Though man withhold his hymn of praise!

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

"WELL, young Chauncey goes to-morrow to college, starts off for the finishing touch to his education," said father one morning at breakfast, and leaning back in his chair, tooth-pick in hand just previous to using it.

"Gone!" I exclaimed, looking up hurriedly.

"Yes, why child, what makes you so white? What have *you* to do with it, whether he comes or goes?"

"Nothing, sir," I stammered, "the coffee is very hot and burns my tongue." So it did partially. I wasn't altogether guilty of a falsehood.

"Well, girl, be careful and let it cool awhile. Yes, he's going, and may joy go with him, too, for he's a smart young man for all he didn't notice much what was doing on the farm, and they say he'll take high honors at the University. I like the boy and hope he'll do well."

"Yes," replied mother, "he's a well disposed young man, and will turn out well, I expect. How they'll miss him at home."

What did Mary say? Sickened to death I felt as if light and life had been taken from me. My heart fell like a stone in my bosom; an aching misery crept over me.

Gone! I near him no more!—To pursue the same dull routine, to rise in the early dawn to the same duties, to pass the day as heretofore in employments that dreams of his presence had rendered pleasant to me, to look at the same scenes, his home that had never wanted his presence before, the landscape that I knew he looked on and enjoyed in common with one whom he knew not, yet whose kindred soul rejoiced in the same with him.

Going! The light would depart with him. All pleasure was suddenly taken from life, and it seemed not worth living. All its beauty gone and I must wearily drag myself through my wonted tasks without interest save in the sense of doing what my conscience required of me.

Like an automaton I arose, helped to clear up the table, put the room to rights, then unable to stem the flood of sorrow that had suddenly poured into my heart, I rushed into the garden, threw myself under a rosebush, and gave utterance to the sobs that had choked my throat to suffocation. It was autumn then, I remember, for the wind blew the scarlet and orange leaves over me from the woods, as if saying,

"Grieve not—grieve not. See, we are reft of our hopes and our beauty. Learn from us that as the winds scatters our glory and sends our leafless branches to toss upon the blast, so are the dreams of youth dissipated by the cold

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breath of reality and the bare strippings of time."

The Hermosa bent ever me, sent one of its sweet little buds to kiss my cheek, but its pretty shell-work did not move my loving admiration as usual. The dwarf pear tree leisurely dropped its great yellow tribute at my feet, but their lusciousness was nothing to me then. Just opposite grew my tall scarlet dahlia, a miracle of beauty I had ever thought, with its shaded gorgeousness. I looked at it and wondered that I had ever cared for it, and brushed the poor little bud away impatiently, for the sight of all I had formerly enjoyed sickened me just then.

Going! If I could see him only before he started. But that was impossible. He would bid his friends farewell. They would have the liberty of taking his hand, of pouring into his ear their wishes, of receiving his in return. To them would be shown his emotion at parting, while I with my heart full of unutterable sorrow and tenderness, must not even see him, hear him speak one last word, or say one to him in return.

Going! Ah! Yes. My fancy pictured the change with all its train of consequences. He was to go among brilliant strangers, excite attention and admiration wherever he went, leave forever the simple pleasures of home and of boyhood, while the career of manhood opened wide with splendid promises for him, taking him away from my neighborhood, never, perhaps, to live there again. He would be rich, distinguished, attracting the world's denizens around him. They would delight in doing him honor. Beautiful women would lavish their smiles upon him and he might choose from them whom he would. He would establish himself in life; marry—oh! that heart-throb! —undoubtedly Adéle Fleurry.— For a moment I hated her intensely. A bitter spasm of jealousy sprang up to be repressed with horror immediately, with horror at my wickedness: but I could not think of her and Alfred together without suffering.

As I wept under the bush, abandoned to grief and convinced in this, my first grief, that the world had nothing farther for me, I heard my mother calling. Oh! horror! I had been there an hour and my morning walk left neglected.

Most fortunately I had not indulged much in the luxury of weeping, or my reddened eyes would have had to be accounted for. Running up to my room, I bathed my aching forehead and brushed my hair before I presented myself before her.

"What's the matter, Mary? you look sick," she asked looking at me in surprise.

"I am not well, mother. I was in the garden among the flowers and the sun was warm. Perhaps that made my head ache.

My mother was a most practical, matter-of-fact woman, and took me simply at my word.

"Don't go out again among them at that hour if you can help it," she said, then continued the operation of paring peaches for drying. I sat down to help

her, peeling off the soft, fuzzy rind of peach after peach from a great basket that was on the floor between us, while each held a white pan in her lap in which we placed the uncut peaches.

We were in what we called "the clean kitchen," a little room partitioned off from the great kitchen, where the more particular operations of the culinary department were performed.

I was too lifeless and dull to take an interest in any work, and just pared on mechanically, my thoughts far away from all that surrounded me, as the ripe beautiful fruit turned up one rosy cheek after another to me, the sunlight glancing in at the half-open door, the bees humming musically over the honey-suckles at the window;—sucking the coral cups with so much thoughtless pleasure that I envied them the power of enjoyment.

If I could only see him again. Perhaps he would pass out as was his won't and I would not be at my window to see, a chance lost of seeing again one who was—to me nothing—yet to me so dear that I would willingly have sacrificed my life for him to whom I was scarcely known enough to exchange the common courtesies of life with.

But I pared on answering my mother's commonplace observations as well as I could, and trying to assume an appearance of interest in what she said, the lacking mind often betraying itself in answers to her questions.

That night when I had pressed my cheek to the pillow, the tears that had been restrained during the day, flowed copiously and I wept till my head ached again. Of course I had looked my last at the home that held him, its precious jewel for a few brief hours more.

The clouds that evening had been dark and lowering. He would leave then in rain with shadows upon the future that promised so fair. No, no, it could be no augury for him;—*his* future boded no ill, while mine ——, but I closed my eyes and shut out the thought for that. Trust, trust, I murmured, trying to weep myself into a calm, there are objects enough left to love, the wealth of your affection to lavish upon, and your life will not be thrown away, Mary.

I had watched the glancing lights about the mansion, had seen them appear in the upper story one by one. There were no guests staying there now, that summer had departed. I watched the shadows upon the window panes, and imagined one that flickered restlessly to and fro as with youthful, impatient movements, to be his. When the lights were all extinguished and complete darkness, mist and rain had settled upon the scene, I knew that he had laid his head upon his boyhood's pillow for the last time and that a few hours more would see him far away from them, his family and friends;—from me who was nothing to him.

I slept at last and dreamed that we both had cast off this sorrowful burden of mortality and stood as spirits before the immensity of space, alone in the silent land.—

There I could claim him as my own, thrice glorified twin spirit, trembling with joy at being with him where the world was ours, boundless space around us, solitary save in the fulness of his presence and companionship.

"We are alone," I said, and timidly extended my hand to sustain him, for the cloudy pavement rolled from under our feet and I saw him sinking,—sinking.—

I awoke. The grey dawn was stealing in at my window. I arose looked towards his. There were several lights streaming from them and figures moving hurredly about as if disturbed at an unwonted hour. Presently by the dawning day I saw a carriage driven out rapidly, appearing and disappearing between the groops of trees until it was lost to view up the winding highway.

"He is gone." I laid my forehead on the sill and said with the calmness of despair. "You have no right to weep. He is nothing to you, would scorn you if he knew the nature of your feelings, or give you pity which is far worse than scorn. You will perhaps never speak to him again, never again most probably—oh! my Father! no, this is blasphemy. You have no right to call upon Him for relief from a pain which is self-natured. Conquer this now. I will pray to be a better sister and daughter and the delight and exquisite pain of loving him must be denied me."

I sprang up and dressed myself rapidly, arranged my room, ran down stairs, was out in the diary before the sun had risen, made up my father's favorite cakes for breakfast, and transplanted a flower before the family had made their appearance.

"Hey-o, Miss Smartness, what brought you up so early this morning," cried father, coming into the dining-room in his shirt sleeves.

"Business, father," I answered briskly and with forced cheerfulness. "Don't you see what I've been doing?"

"They must have been stirring early at the Grove," he remarked. "I saw the carriage tracks just now when I went to the gate. I suppose the young man's off."

I busied myself about the breakfast table to conceal the pain that the mention of him would force into my countenance.

"Susan, go feed them chickens directly," called out mother from the clean kitchen, "Well, Mary," she said, coming in, "you did stir yourself early this morning. Maybe we'll get a lot of peaches to-day, now the weather's cleared off."

"Yes, mother, we'll work hard. I feel as if I could do a great many to-day. My fingers are quite in the humor for work."

I *did* work hard that day, never allowing myself, if I could help it, a moment's time for thought. Yet thought would come sometimes in spite of me, and then the sensation was a sickening nausea of life, a vacuity that unnerved me completely for the moment, but I aroused myself, wound up my energies to a painful pitch, worked on till night came and I was again in my room, again found myself looking with straining eyes

towards his deserted home, again stealing that forbidden fruit.

Ah! poor young heart! who cares for its feeble beating—its lifelessness? The God that made it? It was wrong, I acknowledge, to indulge this passion, but I could not help loving him, the only human creature kindred in taste and feeling that I knew in all that dreary waste of social and intellectual solitude. The future must have keener pangs for me still and I know it; but never can I unlove what I once have loved, and, though buried in my heart, that love will be there still.

I thought of his mother—how she must miss him—what a desolate place her handsome home must be to her now that he was gone, pictured to my imagination her wandering to and fro in his wonted haunts, her eye constantly alighting upon objects endeared by association with him, and ever grieving her mother's heart by the separation from him, her only child. I felt such intense, burning sympathy for her, could have laid my head upon her stately shoulder and wept with her.

There were fewer lights in the Grove windows,—*his* were gone. How my thoughts followed him, trying to fancy him where he was in so strange a place, seperated from all he loved and who loved him. Then I remembered him in my prayers, saying to myself that it was all I could do for one who was nothing to me, yet about whom every fibre of my heart had wound themselves irrecoverably. It surely could not be wrong to indulge myself that far.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RODES' BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES—MAY 30TH, 1862.

Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley 'mid jettings of light,
Down by the deep crimson valley of Richmond,
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still ownard, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchred chambers, yet never dismayed,
Down by the deep crimson valley of Richmond
Marched the bold warriors of Rodes' brigade.

See ye the fires and flashes still leaping
Hear ye the beating and pelting of storm,
See ye the banners of proud Alabama,
In front of her columns move steadily on;
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade
As it comes through the air 'mid torrents of sounds,
Hear ye the booming adown the red valley,
Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

Twelfth Mississippi! I saw your brave column
Push through the channels of living and dead,
Twelfth Alabama! why weep your old war horse,*
He died, as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines! you will tell on the pages of glory,
How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath your shade,
How the lads of Virginia fought in the Red Valley
And fell in the columns of Rodes' brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels,
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain,
Maidens ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers,
Weep, for they never can come back again,
Weep ye; but know that the signet of freedom
Is stamped in the hillocks of earth newly made,
And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
Stands forth on the colors of Rodes' brigade.

Maidens of Southland! come bring ye bright flowers,
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave,
Bring ye the emblems of Freedom and victory,
Bring ye the emblems of Death and the Grave,
Bring ye some motto befitting a Hero,
Bring ye exotics that never will fade,
Come to the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
And crown the young chieftan who led his brigade.†

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* Col. R. T. Jones. † Afterwards Major General R. E. Rodes.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY, 1834.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Clay was in Lexington, Kentucky, where I was introduced to him by my father, who had kept up friendly relations with him for a long time previous. I think he was attending to some law business for my father. His kind and affable manners, together with the prestige of his being a distinguished member of Congress, won my youthful admiration. I did not meet him for many years afterwards, when he was invited to dine with several other distinguished men at Col. P's. where I was staying. Mrs. P. said to me, Mr. Clay will take you to dinner, watch me and I will give you the signal to rise; for after Mr. Clay takes two or three glasses of wine, he begins to

be rather familiar. "He would not dare to take a liberty with me," I replied. He conversed most delightfully during the dinner, and after the cloth was removed, he poured out his third glass and became very confidential. I looked at Mrs. P. and we rose and went into the drawing room, where I repeated the assertion, "he dare not put his hand on me." I was standing by the mantle-piece when the gentlemen entered. Mr. Clay walked straight up to me, and put his hand on my shoulder as if I had been a child. I drew haughtily back. "Ah, yes" said he smiling, "you are proud—all you P's. are proud people. I have known you a long time. I knew your father before you were born, when I was a white-headed boy in Mr. Wythe's office, I was introduced by him to your father, and then I thought it a great honor to be introduced to a member of Congress." I took a chair, Mr. Clay sat down beside me, and in a very quiet and sober manner began to ask me a great many questions about myself—among others, how many children I had. "Two girls and three boys" I replied. "And which gives you most anxiety—your boys or your girls?" "They are all too young to give me anything but pleasure" I answered. "My girls" said he, have given me great happiness, but clasping his hands and looking up with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my boys,—oh! my boys—" Of course I asked no questions, and turned the conversation as soon as I could.

The last time we met was in Louisville, where he made his last speech in Court, in a famous will case. The Court room was fitted up like an amphitheatre, for the accommodation of the ladies, and every place was crowded. It was known it was the last case in which he would appear. His speech interested everybody, though as it was a close argument in legal questions, few could understand it. He, however, threw in some amusing episodes and we sat it through. After the room was cleared, I went and spoke to him. He received me in his usual friendly way—said "he was sorry to see me there—the society was not congenial to me, go to Lexington where it is more select." This was said so long ago that it can offend no one living there now.

DAIRY.

1838.—On yesterday our mess in company with fifteen or twenty others dined at the President's. The dinner was French. The *plateau* which adorned the centre of the table had been ordered for Napoleon, but did not arrive in Paris before the dethroned Emperor was safe in St. Helena.—The French Government would not purchase it, and some American gentlemen, under the advice of Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, purchased it for the President's house. The numerous candles and the glass chandelier above threw a blaze of light upon us which was painful to my eyes, nevertheless I spent a pleasant two hours with Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren, between whom I sat. Some racy badinage took place across and

between the President and Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay somewhat in a melancholy mood—certainly in a moralizing, said that he felt that it would be a luxury to go home quietly and remain on his plantation, watch trees and horses, put up fences, &c. Mr. Van Buren replied, that there were moments when all public servants felt as Mr. Clay expressed himself, but if they were to try it they would be miserable; that in this life we must either kick or be kicked, and that the excitement of kicking was most agreeable. However Mr. Clay thought he was an exception, and would be happy in his Kentucky home. To which Mr. Van Buren replied, "Well, if you *insist*, Mr. Clay, *I* have no objections to your retiring for the next six or seven years." It surprised Mr. Clay to hear Mr. Van Buren talk so in his own pleasant and impudent vein, and he rejoined, "I don't like to be behind hand, Mr. President, in good nature—suppose you try the retirement." "I don't sigh for privacy but take things as I find them in the White House," Mr. Van Buren answered.

Mr. Clay alluded to his daughters very touchingly, and to his wife being supported under her heavy afflictions by her piety.—After taking five or six glasses of wine he become very excited and said severe things of Mr. Calhoun which I did not hear without raising my dissenting voice and giving Mr. Clay his due. He grew more and more bitter, and repeatedly said Mrs. —— it is because I know him better than you that I say he is the worst public man in the United States except Jackson, and that he is the most purely selfish man alive. "At least, Mr. Clay," I replied in an earnest voice, "Mr. Calhoun is not given to harsh strictures on others, for I was three weeks in the same house with him and never heard him speak as harshly of any one as you have done in my presence of Mr. Calhoun at this dinner." He felt the rebuke but took it good naturedly.

MARCH, 16TH.—The sub-treasury was discussed by the leading men on both sides. Judge Longstreet, from Georgia, says Mr. Calhoun converted him to sub-treasury by his powerful arguments. Says he is disappointed in Mr. Clay, both as to nature and manner. Mr. Clay made some very severe thrusts at Mr. Calhoun, who rose in his place and promised to cancel the debt. Mr. Clay replied, he was ready to meet him *in that house or any where else.*

Mr. Crittendon made a speech which delighted the gentlemen of our mess. Judge Longstreet says he is not behind his colleague, Mr. Clay, either in sense or eloquence.

MARCH, 17TH.—To-day Mr. Calhoun replied to Mr. Clay.—The whole house, galleries and door-ways presented a mass of human heads. Mr. Calhoun made a grand display, occasionally his voice so choked with passion you could hardly hear him—nothing personally insulting, but sometimes he twited Mr. Clay as severely as Mr. Clay had him.—Mr. Clay's reply was for the most

part, loose and disjointed, however his blows were now and then both heavy and keen, and the sympathies of the galleries were with him, for they laughed at all his jokes. Mr. Clay wantonly assailed nullification, and Mr. Preston, weak as he was from recent sickness, rose and replied in the most earnest manner. He said he had before thought that Mr. Clay had brought about the compromise between the government and his gallant little State from broad patriotism and not from any narrow personal and party views, but that the Senator from Kentucky had been pleased to leave his high and holy position, and he must remain where he had placed himself. Mr. Preston rebuked him severely for saying that he had felt interested in saving from ignominious death such Nullifiers as were in the city in reach of Jackson. Mr. Clay in a few remarks tried to do away with his taunting jests on South Carolina nullifiers, but they still owe him a grudge.

Being from the South and in a different political circle, I seldom met Mr. Webster. He belongs to history and his compatriots have had the tact to gather up every scrap that can illustrate his character. I can only contribute the following, which has never met the public eye.

MARCH 1ST.—Dined at General Vanness'—the dinner was recherché. General Vanness lead in Mrs. Madison and seated her just before the fire. I perceived from the flushing of her face how much the old lady suffered, and did for her what I would not have asked for myself, requested her seat to be changed.

Mr. Webster was allotted to me and made himself very agreeable. I was amused at a littleness in a great man. He had commenced telling me why Cicero said the Romans were more intellectual than the Greeks, when Mrs. M. C., who was sitting at my right, called so loudly to me that I was obliged to turn to her; when she had arranged a little matter of flowers with me, I again resumed my listening attitude to Mr. Webster, who somewhat testily remarked, "I pray you, Madam, not to turn from those pleasantries to hear my learning." I replied truly I was much interested, and begged to have the rest. He then went on to tell me that Cicero said the Romans called their feasts *Courinum* which signified "live together." and the Greeks *Symposium* which means "drink together."

The dinner table was beautifully adorned with flowers, and on each plate was laid a beautiful bouquet.

The little I saw of Mr. Van Buren was on formal occasions, but always found him polite and agreeable—his manner very polished.

I have thus sketched some outlines for my portraits. Should others be wanted to fill out the picture I could give "personal recollections" of many who figure in our country's history.

"LOIS."

THE HAVERSACK.

EVERY one of the survivors of of the A. N. V. will remember the celebrated Irish Provost Guard of the 2nd Corps, who were said to have as remarkable noses for scenting whisky, contraband or otherwise, as the grand warrior of Massachusetts had for scenting treason. It is well known, too, that on the eve of a great battle, there are some who do not seek the post of honor. On the contrary, are rather disposed to turn their backs upon their foes.

This Irish guard was distinguished for the remorselessness with which they caught up all such as were disposed "to live," but not "die for Dixie."

At the 1st Fredericksburg, the sons of the Emerald Isle were placed in rear of Hamilton's crossing and specially charged to guard the rail-road. Rumor had it that some of "the sons of liberty" had taken the liberty to impress a hand-car, and under pretext of bringing up army supplies, were intent only upon taking themselves off, doubtless, to preserve their precious lives for some future contest, when their services would be more needed.

Patrick O'Conner stood on the rail-road the night before the great battle, determined that no renegade should escape on the "trucks," as he called the hand-car. He had not been long on his post, musing, it may be, upon the bright eyes of Kitty in the "ould country," when he heard the approaching car. "Halt! halt!" halt! On came the car. "Halt, or I'll stick my bayonet in your bloody old trucks." On came the car. Bracing himself for a desperate lunge, Patrick plunged his bayonet into "the old trucks," and instantly found himself tossed heels over head on the embankment, while the car rolled on in majestic triumph.—"Is that the way you trate a sentinel, you onmanerly haythen?—You may go on to the Divil and I'll not be afther bothering any more about you."

Ah! Patrick O'Conner! the same sort of a Juggernaut is now rolling on the track knocking out of the way, or crushing all that oppose it. We need not be "afther bothering" it; but had better quietly wait until the individual to whom you consigned the hand-car may get hold of it.

A gallant Colonel of the lost cause sends us from Eastern North Carolina, the following incidents:

At the battle of Gettysburg, George Cooper (Co. A. 43rd N. C.) was shot in the face, which caused an almost instantaneous swelling thereof, and a proportionate disfiguring of the countenance. He turned around apparently in great pain and said to the commanding officer of his company, "Captain, do you think J. will love me now?" This gallant soldier was subsequently killed at Hanover Junction, in May, 1864.

When the "ball opened" on Wednesday the 1st July, 1863, at

Gettysburg, Daniel's North Carolina brigade (Rodes' division) was in position at the railroad cut near the seminary. Just before the charge was made, General Daniel ordered his men to "lie down," while he, with his usual bravery, advanced to the front to ascertain the exact position of the enemy. He discovered that one of the men was slow to avail himself of the protection which the crest of the hill afforded, and ordered him a second time to "lie down," when the soldier very quickly replied, "General, you are as big a man as I am, and you are standing up."

Among the troops stationed around Richmond in the winter of '62-63, was a battalion on detached duty, which having no A. C. S. of its own, drew its rations from a Commissary Sergeant, who got them directly from Richmond. The Sergeant often come back with slim supplies of bread and no rations of meat, but always had some grand stories to tell about the magnificent Rams which the French government was about to send to the Confederate States, and which would speedily sink the whole Federal Navy to the bottom of the ocean. On one occation, the sergeant failed for two successive days to bring meat, but was unusually eloquent in his glowing accounts of the French Rams. His oratory was stopped finally and forever by a poor, little hungry reb exclaiming, "well, Sergeant,, why didn't you bring us one of them rams, you is everlastin' talkin' about? I'd rather eat sheep than nothin' at all!"

The Southern soldiers often addressed their officers very familiarly, as the following anecdote will show:

The two Georgia Brigadiers of Hood's old division were called "old Rock" and "old Tiger" by their respective brigades. In one of the battles about Spotsylvania C. H. in '64, the brigade of A. was badly cut up, and that of General B. was ordered in to relieve it.—As General B. was riding along slowly at the head of his command, he was met by a wounded youngster from A.'s brigade, limping along with a wounded leg and with blood streaming from his face. The lad apparently not satisfied with the slow, steady, soldierly advance of the relieving brigade addressed himself to Gen. B., "I say, hurry up, 'old Rock,' 'Tiger's' done treed!"

The Virginia lady gives us another anecdote of her little reb. brother. When he saw the remorseless Dutchman chasing his black pets of the poultry-yard, he said, "Sister, if them chickens was *grey*, I spect them Yankees wouldn't be so smart after them!" The chickens have now neither their color nor their spurs to frighten the brave. Run them down and wring their necks off.

Her next anecdote smacks of Andersonville and the atrocities of Wirz.

We kept our meat hid out, and the little so kept concealed, was never used except when a neighbor came to see us. One day my little sister came running in saying, "Oh, mamma, yonder is Mr. R—— coming. Won't you

have some meat for dinner? If you does, please give me a little piece." What a wretch Wirz must have been!

Our friend, the Chaplain, of Lexington, Virginia, gives us some incidents connected with the Army of Northern Virginia:

You are aware that during the campaign of '63, the condition of the commissariat was not such as to cause any one to turn up his nose at an invitation to supper by any of the hospitable people of Virginia. The *cuisine* of no general officer even, was so satisfactory as to make him slight the offered kindness of something fresh and warm.

Upon one occasion, just as Gen. G —— was putting his brigade into camp, he received a message from a hospitable citizen in the neighborhood, asking him to supper. The invitation was of course accepted, and some waggish soldiers standing by, who knew the General's habit of never leaving camp till his men were all provided for, determined to play him a trick. Accordingly, at supper time, they went to the house,—one personated the General, and several others represented members of his Staff, and while some comrades kept a sharp look-out, they eagerly devoured the elegant supper and entertained the simple-hearted people who were rejoicing in having a live General and his Staff to sup with them. The bogus General and Staff had just plead duty as their excuse, and made their departure when Gen. G —— came in and had some difficulty in convincing the good people that *he* was not an imposter. The General ate the debris of the supper with decided relish, enjoyed the joke, and made no effort to discover the men, who had perpetrated it.

Your illustrations of the coolness and daring of our noble "boys in grey," are not fancy sketches. The soldiers in the trenches at Petersburg were so constantly subjected to picket and mortar-firing that they became utterly careless and indifferent to the death-dealing missiles. The writer—a chaplain in the army—remembers to have been especially struck with this when going one day with a package of tracts and papers to distribute in Wise's brigade. The Yankees were throwing mortar shells, and there was a party of artillerists out in the open field watching the shells with intense interest.—Whenever one would come towards them, the cry would be raised, "*that is my shell*," and before the smoke of the explosion cleared away, they would dash on it, pick in hand, and be digging it up to sell to the ordnance officer for a few cents ("Confed.") per pound.

There was at the same time, heavy picket firing, and as the minnies would whistle by, the writer confesses to considering it a rather inauspicious time and place to distribute tracts. But the soldiers seemed utterly oblivious and indifferent to the leaden messengers of death. I noticed one man quietly frying his meat on the side of a traverse where every few minutes a minnie

ball would strike near him. He did not seem the least disturbed in his occupation, until presently a ball struck in the centre of his fire and threw ashes in his frying pan. He now cooly moved to the other side of the fire and went on cooking, remarking, with the most perfect nonchalance: "I expect those fellows will spile my dinner yet."

Upon another occasion, while the writer was looking through a port-hole on a part of the lines where the hostile works were not fifty yards apart, his hat blue off and fell into the open space between the two lines. A hat was a consideration in those days, but no amount of money would have induced me to have gone after my lost slouch. A soldier offered to get it—I protested, but he was off and soon returned with the hat. "How did you get it?" "Oh! I crawled on my hands and knees—the Yankees shot at me six or eight times, but they did not hit me and it's all right." I have not unfrequently seen men raise their hands over the breastworks say-that they "were feeling for a furlough."

An old army scout, the true poet of Missouri, N. C. K., of Fulton, sends us an anecdote of "latent unionism." We would like to know the present *status* of Miss Jane. If she was a man, the "loyal union league," of Georgia would have no more zealous member. We would like to have the name of one, just one of that precious league, who was not either a bitter Yankee-hater or a negro-trader. We have never heard of but one man in North Carolina of position and intelligence who was consistently union, and we don't believe that the other States of Dixie had a larger proportion:

The following *fact* always amused me a great deal, and I send it to you as illustrative of that "Latent Unionism among the people of the South," of which you speak in a late number:

While on a scout in rear of Atlanta, I had "a little business" among our Northern brethren, and so I went to Allatoona and spent a few days with the Yanks. On my return, I stopped at the house of an acquaintance seven or eight miles from Allatoona, and while engaged in conversation with some ladies, one of them saw her niece, a beautiful girl of sixteen, coming down the road towards the house. She told me it was her niece, Jane C., and suggested that I should pass myself off for a Yankee captain, "just to see what Jane would say." I consented, and was introduced as Capt. W. of the U. S. army. I acted Yankee as well as I could—that is "Yankee gentleman."—*I tried the best I could* to persuade Miss Jane that *she* had a good deal of "Latent Unionism," and that the arrival of the Gridiron Flag at a point only eight miles distant ought to encourage her in manifesting her "latent affection" for that Institution. I *talked Yankee* for sometime as blandly and persuasively as I could; and at last said: "Now, Miss Jane, leaving *politicians* and *ignorant people* out of the question, what do the intelligent, refined, beautiful girls,

just such ladies as you are, Miss Jane, what do *they* think of us U. S. officers?"

"I'll tell you what *I* think, if you wish it," said Jane, very quietly. "My little brother has a *puppy* at home—a very ugly Scotch terrier; he is a *mean* dog; he worries the sheep; he steals the eggs; he barks at my little pet fawn; he is an uggly puppy; he has a snub-nose, and cropped ears; he is bench-legged, wire-haired and blear-eyed; I verily believe he is the *ugliest*, and the *meanest* puppy in Cherokee county; *but if I were to-day to find that dog guilty of associating voluntarily with Yankee officers on terms of equality, I would want him hung to-morrow.*"

I thought it time to let Jane know *I* was *not* a Yank. And this was the kind of "Latent Unionism" *generally* prevalent in Georgia.

The rebel officers were not generally great sticklers for etiquette, but Memphis, Tennessee, furnishes an illustrious instance of punctilio:

I belonged to a gallant regiment of conscripts. The Yankees got after us one day and we were running like the old scratch was after us. The captain of my company was in rear, when we took to our heels. He did not like his position, and so he shouted out, "halt, and let me get before.—The head of the company is the proper place for the captain!"—We did not halt.

We are sorry that our *occasional* (running) correspondent does not inform us to which branch of the "loyal league" his gallant captain now belongs. We feel sure that he is there.

St. Louis, Missouri, sends us the following:

In the winter of 1864 a fair representation from all Southern States drew famine rations in the Yankee prison called Camp Douglas; for the veterans of the valleys of Virginia and the Mississippi had joined flanks at Chickamauga, and on the first hard day we lost about one thousand captured. Among the prison guards was a company of *Indians*, of whom the Yankees cherished extravagant hopes as sharpshooters. These copper-skinned warriors had a rule exclusively their own for discrimination among the rebs.—They divided them into two grand classes, "Morgan-man" and "secesh."

Whatever man was lucky enough to sport a nice bright uniform, was recognized by them as Morgan-man. Those of us who were ragged and otherwise generally dilapidated, bore the ignominious title of "Secesh."

One very cold morning, we were roused by one of the Indian sentinels crying out, "Guard, come fast, Morgan-man get over de fence. Secesh help him. Ingun finger cold. Ingun no shoot." The alarm was not uncalled for. Some of Morgan's men had actually scaled the picketing and escaped.

Imaginative embellishment can scarcely enhance the precious stories dug up from the *debris* of the bivouac fires. Truth, like

good wine, sparkles pleasantly as often as the cork is drawn, and a *true* tale, even if it be twice-told, greets us like the face of an old friend, and there is at least honest pleasure in the recognition. The reminiscences given below may be old to many, but they are true enough to deserve a corner in the Haversack.

The Lindell—the great hotel which burned down here last Spring—was a grand affair, a pride to St. Louis, E. Pluribus, and all that. It was a favorite resort of the elite of the Yankee army, as well, and during the war, as we are told, some notable officials pitched their tent on that camp-ground considerably. One day a keen-eyed ragamuffin brushed by a shiny general officer.—"Here's yer Re-publican and Democrat! All about another great battle at Atlanta." "Here, boy!"—quoth Mr. Uniform—"a Democrat." The paper and its price changed hands, and the news-boy drew himself up in one rank, his right covering a corner which afforded facilities for a prompt and rapid retrogade.

Meantime the General's eye went down the telegraphic column.

"Boy! He enunciated sternly, a terrible frown settling upon his martial visage, "I don't see anything of a fight here!"

"Guess yer *wont* much, nuther, long as yer keep hanging around the Lindell Bar-room!"

When "Paps" boys brushed the Yanks up with a lively stroke in the ditches around Helena, Arkansas, a meridian sun, and the close fire, combined to make those rifle-pits warm quarters for any ragged gentleman of treasonable proclivities.

During the fatal halt which lost us the fruits of the glorious opening onset, a godless corporal under General Parsons filled the hiatus in energetically blaspheming the Mr. Somebody, whomsoever it might be, who was responsible for the murderous pause.—A general call for *water* was soon made, and the conspicuity of our irate friend, led to his being detailed to run the gauntlet of the fire, back to a stagnant pool, to replenish the canteens of a slender company. A Confederate lieutenant had been shot down by the pond, and the last time I saw him, he told me what he saw and heard, lying there in his blood. The corporal threw off his burden of tin-ware, flung himself upon the buckle of his cartridge-belt, and, like Narrissus, sought to kiss the handsome shadow of the fountain. Just then a gun-boat shell of the sugar-kettle variety came winding its perusive way across the hills, sweetly humming, "*Where are you—where are you?*—BANG!" A baptism of turf, dirty water and mud disturbed the famished detail. Raising his head, and shaking it impressively toward the hill tops, he shouted, "why don't you behave yourself and let your betters get their water in peace?" S. H.

Ah! that lesson of letting people alone is a hard one for a Jacobin, as well as for a shell.

From Columbus, Georgia, we get the two following anecdotes:

Immediately before Gen. Morgan's unfortunate raid across the Ohio River, he was stationed at McMinnville, Tennessee. Gen. Wheeler having been ordered to the "Right Flank" fixed his quarters there, and with him came Colonel St. Leger Grenfel, than whom, albeit he had his faults, (and who has not?) "a braver and a truer ne'er drew blade." And we sincerely hope that justice and truth may yet prevail in his behalf, and that released from the dreary Tortugas, he may return to his family in England.

Revenons a nos moutons. Col. Grenfel had previously been with General Morgan, and of course knew all his officers: among them Major L—— A. Q. M., whose high-topped cavalry boots, ornate patent-leather and many a stitch were the envy of the "staves" and the pride of the Major himself. Now Colonel Grenfel was as particular about his *horse shoes* as Major L—— was about his own boots; and so habitually carried a full set of highly finished and perfectly formed steel shoes. It so happened that Major L—— having need for just such articles for his splendid mare and having "blundered into 'em" appropriated Col. G——'s horse shoes, leaving instead a polite message to that effect. Colonel Grenfel said nothing, but deliberately sat down and drew on Major L——'s "High-Tops" newly cleaned and rubbed—and left this very laconic explanation.

DEAR MAJOR:

You have my shoes, I have your boots. GRENFEL.

We never heard afterwards of anybody's risking boots against Grenfel's shoes.

Shortly after the repeal of the "Substitute Law" our very short ration of coffee having been exhausted, our cook, who was an ingenious "man and brother" substituted sassafras tea. It having been offered to General Wheeler, he declined, saying "Congress has repealed the act allowing substitutes in the army."

H. M. K.

The following incident is sent us by the Chaplain of the 54th N. C. Troops, who vouches for its truthfulness:

Early in the spring of 1864 a lieutenant of a Virginia cavalry regiment was severely wounded in the breast at Leetown, near Harper's Ferry, and being in too critical a condition to be moved, was left at the residence of Mr. R., a patriotic Virginia gentleman, which was soon taken possession of by the enemy. The Federal surgeons finding out the condition of the unfortunate trooper, kindly visited him from day to day, administering to his wants, until it was deemed by them prudent to remove him to safer quarters.—The lieutenent, however, affected extreme feebleness, and his removal was postponed until the following Monday, when the surgeon remarked he would bring an ambulance and convey him to the hospital in Harper's Ferry. Mr. R.'s house was environed by Federal pickets and escape to the Confederate lines dressed in grey was impossible. The kind hostess of

the house seeing her protegé was determined to make the attempt proffered him an old calico dress as a disguise, which was accepted, and after a clean shave of the face, which was pale and emaciated from suffering, our heroine set out in open daylight for Lee's army. As she passed the Federal pickets she gave them a friendly nod, which was returned with great courtesy, (as Virginia ladies rarely speak to Yankees,) and she passed on unmolested or even challenged. The surgeon, punctual to his promise, called at the time appointed, and his chagrin can be imagined when Mrs. R. quietly informed him that her guest had declined accepting his kind offer of the ambulance, and had left on foot for camp! In a few days Mrs. R. received an official communication by the subterranean railway, *alias*, one of Hampton's scouts, notifying her that her gay cavalier was "present for duty."

We are indebted to Capt. J. F. J., of Selma Ala., for the two following:

Shortly after the surrender of the Confederate armies a body of Yankee troops were stationed at Talladega, Alabama; amongst the officers of this command was a coarse, burly, and arrogant Dutchman, who availed himself of every opportunity to outrage the feelings of Confederate officers.—Upon one occasion this Dutchman was going to Selma on the same train with a gallant officer of the late 10th Alabama, when the following conversation took place between them:

Yank. "You all fought for pay—we fought for *honor*."

Confederate. "Well, that's very natural and proper, we fought for that of which we had the least, and you did the same." Exit Yank.

During the late war, when the enemy were threatening Mobile, the Governor of Alabama, made a call upon the city of Selma for three hundred men for the defence of Mobile; this call was made at that stage of the war when all the good and true men were at the front, but it seems that the old men, boys and weak-kneed of Selma had organized a Regiment, for *home* defence. When the message was received from Governor Watts a meeting of the Regiment was called, and they agreed to avoid the disgrace of being drafted by volunteering en masse, and then to let a Board exempt those who had the best excuses and the most of them. A roll was prepared by the Board, and opposite each man's name was left a blank for his excuse and another for the Board to enter up their action. In company B, there was a fortunate little fellow named Smith who had one of his legs badly broken in youth, which made him a cripple for life; when he came up to give his excuse he wrote opposite his name "*one leg too short*," the Board wrote after it at once "*excused*," the next on the list came up with heart full of sorrow and not the breath of an excuse, but he had no sooner seen Smith's excuse and exemption than a happy idea seemed to possess him, he siezed the pen and wrote opposite his name "*both legs*

too short." The Board couldn't see it.

A squadron of the 5th North Carolina cavalry, under the command of Maj. B., a very brave, but young and inexperienced officer, whilst serving in Tennessee on one occasion, surprised a detachment of Yankee cavalry whilst halting for rest and refreshment. Dashing into them pell mell, the Yanks abandoned every thing and fled for dear life —our boys peppering it into them in fine style. One old fellow of the squadron, from the mountains of North Carolina, perhaps more of a toper than a trooper, in the fierce career of the charge spied a demijohn which some Yank had been forced to relinquish, and pulling up he preceeded to dismount and test its contents, when, lo, it was good!— Away fled the Yanks, away roared and thundered the pursuing rebs, and guggle, guggle went the whisky down old Jake's throat.— But alas! the course of whiskey runs no smother than that of true love. The Yanks rallied on their main body and soon drove their pursuers helter skelter back past old Jake, who was by this time too drunk to join the squadron or get out of the way. It so happened, however, that the Rebs rallied in turn on a neighboring hill, and both sides began to fire at long range with old Jake just about half way between the two. At the first whistle of a bullet he seized the demijohn and got behind a stump; then the bullets began to come from the other direction, and he changed sides. The situation was now peculiarly interesting. Faster and faster the bullets come, and faster and faster yet did Jake change sides;a good Southern-man-all-the-time-but-afraid-to-say-so. Union man wasn't a circumstance to him! Ever and anon amid the pauses of the conflict he would raise up from behind the stump, hold out the demijohn and exclaim, "don't shoot, gentilmen, d-o-n-t shoot! I've got nothin agin any on you!" Just then a musket ball with the cartridge paper attached whizzed past his ear. This was too much for his nerves; dropping his demijohn, and falling flat on his face, he yelled out with the energy of indignation and despair, "charge 'em again, Major B., they haint a fitin fair! *dam old roper if they aint a shootin' without shuckin' their bullets!*" When picked up after the fight, evidently visions of his youthful conflicts on the court yards and muster grounds of his mountain home were floating through his brain, for vaporing wildly he kept exclaiming, "fair play, and shuck your bullets, gen-tile-men, shuck 'em, shuck 'em."

A PRUDENT SOLDIER.—The gallant Lieutenant Colonel of the 54th fell, dangerously wounded, on one of the hard-fought fields of Virginia, in the midst of a charge. The ground was a field that years before had been in corn, and the ridges were still plainly standing, so that by getting down in the centre furrow one was somewhat protected from the shot which ploughed the field at right-angle, to the direction of the roads. As

soon as the Colonel came to himself sufficiently to survey the situation, he beheld a human head, face downward, flat on the earth. Calling out, "hallo! who's that," the head cautiously emerged from the short grass and disclosed the features of a member of his regiment, rather suspected of a "hankerin for the rear" at times. "Why John, poor fellow, where are you hit, and is it dangerous?" says the Colonel: "*Well, no where in particular jist yit, Colonel, but I think I'll git over it,*" was the reply of the *he-row*, as he buried his face in the grass again! He recovered.

In the first invasion of Maryland by General Lee, while the army was passing through Frederick, a drummer boy of the 5th N. C., in ragged and tattered grey, but with eyes as bright as diamonds in the dust-stained face, whose name was Muse, and who was one of the nine, (not muses,) but drummers, was passing up the side-walk, when he was halted by a shrill voice, which wasn't as soft as the murmur of waters, if it did come from a waterfall. She said, "Well, I guess you rebs are the nastiest set that ever come through these parts. What makes you so dirty?"

Muse rolled his eyes and glanced at the woman with a mischievous leer in his face and replied: "Yes, madam, we are dirty, but we had a dirty job to do—whipping you Yankees, and you reckon we were going to put on our clean clothes to do it in?" Under the shout which went up from Muse's comrades the waterfall retired.

On the second invasion of Pennsylvania, which terminated in the defeat of the Confederates upon the plains of Gettysburg, one corps of the grand old army penetrated to Carlisle, and, while on the march from there to Gettysburg, the following scene took place. Crowds of country people had flocked to the way-side to gaze upon the Johnnies; among them not a few were stalwart lads, who, dressed in their best, and with their girls by their sides, were peculiarly the object of Johnnies' wit. Whether it was envy, because Johnnie had no *gal*, or contempt for men who might be serving their country instead of the ladies, I've a shrew suspicion but I shan't say. A fine looking soldier of a North Carolina regiment, barefooted and ragged, had dragged his tender pedals over many weary miles without a murmur, but finding his comrades fast leaving him in the rear, called to the Corps Commander as he was passing, and begged permission to relieve his necessitous condition from the well-shod country people. The General consented that he might take one pair of shoes.

The soldier walked up to one of the aforesaid lads, surrounded by a bevy of gaily dressed girls, and accosted him thus: "I say, mister, come up out of those boots, I must have 'em." Citizen replied, "but your General has issued orders that private property must be respected." Soldier. "If that is a No. 9 you are wearing you had better come out of it. If you want to argue the case, you must do it with old Bal, (his

musket) and who never speaks but once. So out with you." The citizen reluctantly drew off his boots and passed them over to the soldier, who wrapping his dusty pants about his legs, drew 'em on tops out, and asking the former proprietor how he liked the fit, he resumed his march amid the shouts of comrades, and with the girls smiling at their lovers sad plight.

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

What happy voices speak around,
And lend a charm in every sound!
In forest, field, and stream they spring—
About us cling,
And notes of blest contentment sing.

How sweet the sounds which greet the ear,
At early dawn, in accents clear:—
The lark, the mocking-bird, the jay—
All seem to say—
"Awake, and join us in our lay."

How sweet the sound of gurgling rill,
Fast tumbling down its native hill:—
'Tis Nature's voice' in *running* strain,
And merry vein,
To sparkle gladness on the plain.

How sweet the sound of rustling breeze,
Now sweeping forth among the trees;—
'Tis Nature's voice, in *whistling* mood—
With life endued,
Erratic, free—dispensing good.

How grand the cataract's loud roar,
Resounding far the country o'er;—
'Tis Nature's voice, in murmurs dread—
Thus widely spread,
And speaks of *wonders* hourly shed.

How terrible the thunder's roll,
As lightnings gleam from pole to pole!—
'Tis Nature's voice, in grandeur hurled
On this vain world,
And speaks of *glories* yet unfurled.

How soft the voice of falling snow,
Or genial showers, on earth below!—
They're Nature's gifts, which gently move,
In *flakes* of love,
Or drops from purest founts above.

'Tis thus, throughout creation's bound,
Our maker's gifts are seen around;
In all they speak, with wisdom's art,
To touch the heart,
And joyful lessons e'er impart.

C. L. H.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

It is remarkable that during a summer so entirely given up to holiday shows in all parts of Europe, the presses of Paris and Berlin and London should be so active. Yet the publication of new books has never been more spirited than at the very time when the gorgeous pageant of the Hungarian coronation and ever so many Imperial and Royal Progresses to Paris were going on. One of the literary results of the great French Exposition has been the new Paris Guide Book, a sort of epitome of Parisian life and history, with contributions from Sainte Beuve, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Michelet, Renan, Arséne Houssaye and many others of less note, which, as may well be imagined, is brilliant, vain-glorious and intensely French. A new edition of M. Duruy's school-book, for the use of the public academies, has just been brought out. But an immediate revision of one of them will be necessary, for the Minister of Public Instruction, referring to Mexico, tells the ingenuous youth of his country that the "Emperor Maximilian reigns peaceably over a contented people, and French influence is, thanks to God, forever established on the *South* American continent."—[They still insist upon calling the Southern portion of North America, including the former slaveholding States of the Union, "*South* America," and the war of Secession was constantly spoken of in Europe as a conflict between North and South America.] General Görgey, who will be remembered as one of the leaders of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848, has just brought out in Leipsic a volume entitled "Letters without an address," supplementary to his historical Memoirs of the Years 1848–9. Herr Stratmaun, a learned German professor, has lately published the fifth part of his "Dictionary of the English Language of the Thirteenth, Four-

teenth and Fifteenth centuries," embracing seven letters of the alphabet and bringing down the lexicon to the word *schade*. It fills up the interval, so says one of his reviewers, between the Anglo Saxon Dictionary of Bosworth and the English Dictionary of Richardson. Simultaneously with Mr. Longfellow's English version of Dante, a translation of the Divina Commedia has appeared in Holland from Mr. Hacke van Mynden. It is in the versification of the terza rima, and the Dutch are in raptures with it.—One stanza from the Inferno will amuse the ignorant American reader by the very look of the words—

Verwekten een geweld, dat, nimmer moede,
In't rond draait in die eenwig duistre luchten,
Als zand, gedreven door des storm-winds roede.

A new edition of the minor political writings of Comte Joseph de Maistre has seen the light in Paris. Among them is embraced his "Letters to a Russian Gentleman on the Spanish Inquisition," a sophistical defence of that infamous society and its diabolical cruelties, which might have been buried with its author. Edmond About's last work is a novel in his peculiar epigrammatic style, entitled "*L'Infame*." It is a story of a man who appears to the world as a base creature—and who is yet really a moral hero, making the noblest sacrifice to save two very disreputable people. It is adapted to the latitude of the Boulevards but need not be translated into English.

There has been a very decided revival of Classic art in English poetry—a sort of *Renaissance* which may be the fashion for a few years, until the imitative in literature gives place to the creative, in the appearance of some greater lights in the firmament of song. The author of *Philoctetes*, the classical drama which excited a sensation two years ago in English literary circles, who has strictly maintained his incognito, is about to give to the public a second work of the same nature with *Orestes* for a hero. Mathew Arnold's *Merope* and Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* were successful efforts in this direction, and two other claimants for classic honors have lately come forward—Mr. Thomas Sebe in the *Story of Hypsipyle*, and Mr. George Augustus Simcox in the *Prometheus Unbound*. Mr. Simcox, who has hitherto been known to the literary world by two minor poems in the *Cornhill Magazine*, has met with a most favorable reception at the hands of the critics who accord him special success in his imitations of the Greek chorus. One specimen of this choral composition, in its frequent changes of rhythmical effects, is suggestive of the varied music of the Lotos Eatus of Tennyson—

"Mightily, with strength unbroken,
drunken with new light of day,
We are come, and none shall scare us
from our play;
Come, to see the potter forsaken of the
clay,
Come, to see the wizard, whom a fool
hath made a prey.
Surely thou didst sell thyself for
nought,
And cast the bands of brotherhood
away
For a deceiving thought,
That Zeus must needs repay

Thy treachery, and not by thy decay.
We have had rest in hell,
Pillowing our mighty limbs on one another,
And were content to dwell
Lapped in the ancient darkness of our mother.
Answer now, and make confession at the last that we were wise,
And that simple strength is mightier than lies:
Do not think to flout us with double-tongued replies:
Set the good and evil equally before thine eyes.
He is mute, and answereth not at all,
Behold, he thinks us blind as heretofore,
Besotted by long thrall;
But our might doth endure,
And inwardly is nourished evermore
By brotherly accord,
In that abode of our captivity,
As round the starry board
Of Kronos' patriarchal majesty."

One of the most remarkable books of the month in England, is the 3rd volume of the Mr. John Stuart Mill's, "Dissentations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical and Historical" from the press of the Longman's. The chapter of most interest to Americans is that which treats of the recent war between North and South in which Mr. Mill appears as the ardent partisan of the North, and the vituperative calumniator of the South, the motives, aims and conduct of the Confederate people. A philosopher should always be calm and unimpassioned in his writings—when he becomes frantic and abusive he ceases to be forcible, in addressing himself to the prejudices and passions rather than to the reason of his readers. Mr. Mill loses his temper on every page. He represents the South as a monster of iniquity while the North is held up as a model of all that is pure and honest and of good report. "A fight for God," "the devil's work," "Satan victorious," such are the phrases he constantly employs, and there is some comfort in reflecting that the very violence of his expressions will impair the damaging effect of his essay.

A work on Naples and Sicily under the Bourbons from the pen of Mrs. Ferrybridge is full of agreeable anecdote and sharp comment, political and social, connected with Neapolitan life during Bomba's time. Here is an extract she gives from one of the catechisms formerly in use in the schools of the Two Sicilies—

"Q. Define a monarchy?

"A. It is a power arising from birth, not from election, which coexists with human rights, but is not conferred by it. Were it conferred by human right it would be a magistracy, and not a monarchy.

"Q. But are not kings sometimes tyrants?

"A. To say so is the act of a mad or ill-informed person.—Wrong never arises from kings, but from our own malice and corruption.

"Q. Can any people be its own legislators, or claim political reform?

"A. The attempt has been made, with what success let Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, and the National Convention of detestable memory, show.

"Q. Why were our ancestors happier than we?

"Because they implored all they needed from their princes, thus obtained only such things and as were useful and right.

"What is the greatest glory of the Neapolitans?

"A. Their fidelity to the king."

We can readily imagine that

with some changes, these very questions and answers will form part of the regular instructions of Yankee schools in the South one of these days.

Gerald Massey, the poet, has a paper in the June No. of *Good Words* entitled "In affectionate Remembrance of Earl Brownlow," which is suggestive of a possible paper at an early day in the *Atlantic Monthly* in eulogy of Parson Brownlow—suggestive only by reason of the identy of name, for Earl Brownlow was a man of human feeling and had respect for truth and decency, and never thirsted for blood nor uttered ribald and brutal jests. Theodore Martin, translater of Horace, has in press a memoir of W. Edmonstoune Aytoun, the late editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, with whom he was associated in the authorship of Bon Gaultier's Ballads.—The first volume of a new "History of India from the earliest ages," by Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler, Assistant Secretary to the Indian Government in the Foreign Department, has made its appearance. Mr. Wheeler has exploited an Indian epic poem, the Maha Bharata, several lines longer than the Iliad and Odyssey together, to which he devotes the greater part of this instalment of his Indian History. It will not prove as pleasant reading for the watering places as Mr. W. J. Thom's book on the scandal about George the Third and Hannah Lightfoot who the king was supposed to have privately married. Mr. Thoms treats Hannah as a myth, and having established her nonentity goes on to discuss Dr. Wilmot's Polish Princess. Charles Lever is the author of the Serial Story of "the Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly" now in course of publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Two new journals are announced in London. The "Sock and Buskin" is a penny weekly organ of actors and artists.—"The Wykehamist" is a weekly by the pupils at Winchester College, named after William of Wykeham, the founder of the college.

The most dreary failure in the literary annals of America has been the "Nojoque" of Hinton Rowan Helper, recently published by Carleton of this city. Mr. Helper thought to attract attention by the diabolism of his sentiments, but neither among the Anti-Slavery fanatics nor among the former slave-owners has the work been received with any other feelings than disgust and abhorrence. Mr. Helper helped more than anybody else to bring about the war upon slavery by his "Impending Crisis of the South" and he did this, it seems, in order that slavery having been abolished, the negro might be exterminated from the land. Nothing could be more revolting to the former slave-holding class than such an avowal. We repudiate with scorn the position which would make the unhappy black race a caste like the lepars of Juda to be driven from human habitations. The Northern fanatics who applauded Mr. Helper's first performance, and circulated it by the thousand, are acting in a manner that may precipitate a

war of races in the South in which the negro must inevitably perish. But if it must needs be that offences come, woe unto him by whom the offence cometh.

In the literary merits of "Nojoque" they are simply "*nil.*" The book is an ill digested and badly arranged mess of quotations compiled by the author in the Astor Library from works he has never read, and that portion of it which may be styled original is marked by no elegance of style or semblance of argument.

Carleton has in press a posthumous work of Artemus Ward, comprising his contributions to *Punch*, and to the Papers of the Savage Club, to be entitled, "Artemus Ward in London." The same publisher promises a forthcoming novel by Mrs. Caroline Howard Jervey of South Carolina, author of the popular stories of "Vernon Grove" and "Helen Courtenay's Promise."

F. S. Cozzens, author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers" will shortly delight the lovers of the humorous with "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and other learned Men."

A very readable work, and one adapted for summer holidays in "The Champagne Country" by Robert Tomes, recently sent out by Hurd & Houghton. The writer is thoroughly imbued with his subject and his descriptions of the Rheims region have something of the sparkle of what Tennyson calls "the foaming grape of Eastern France." The same publishers have issued the third edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary a volume entitled "Conversations on Ritualism" which must of necessity be wearisome enough.

Bishop Hopkins' "History of the Church in Verse" is a yet more absurd affair and has created a great deal of laughter. One of his quatrains—

Of these good men, the best distinguished name
Was that of William White. He took his stand
As Chaplain to the Congress, and his fame
Is linked with those most honored in the land.

very forcibly recalls the clever imitation of Crabbe in the Rejected Addresses—

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs Esquire,
But when John Richard 'listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jenkins polished Stubbs's shoes.

A clever work entitled "Ten Months in Brazil," by John Codman, has been published by Lea & Shepard, of Boston. Mr. Codman does not believe in emancipation, and therefore "catches it" from Northern critics.

Ticknor & Fields are on the eve of issuing a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Haye's "Arctic Boat Journey."

The Appleton's have just published a polemical and religious treatise, written by Dr. E. E. Marcy, a prominent homeopathic physician of this city. It attacks Protestantism from the Roman Catholic church militant point of view, but is especially severe on Puritanism. The same house announces "The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind," by Henry Maudsley, M. D., London;

"The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures," by J. F. Curtis, D. D.; "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life," series of addresses and arguments on the claims of scientific education, by Professor Tyndal and others, edited, with an introduction, by Edward L. Youmans.

The Appletons' Hand-Book of Northern Travel is a timely and useful publication for Tourists hereabout, but can have little interest beyond the Potomac.

Under the title of *Abracadabra* Mrs. Julia Creswell, *née* Miss Julia Pleasants, will soon issue a volume of her later poems, and Miss Brock, of Virginia, is now in New York engaged in preparing for publication a new authology of Southern War Poems, to be called "The Southern Amaranth,"

The most important publication of the Harpers is Dr. Draper's "History of the Civil War in America," a work of too much moment to be cursorily discussed in a rapid resumé of the books of the month.

Reprints of Dickens are numerous. Hurd & Hughton, Peterson & Co., and Ticknor & Fields are the most prominent in this author's works in America.

Harper & Brothers and Doolady are rivals in reprinting Thackeray.

The New York *Sunday News*, which is prominent among the literary weeklies, will soon commence an original story, written for that paper by Dickens, to be followed by one from Victor Hugo. The *Sunday News* and the *Metropolitan Record* of Mr. Mullaly are kept up with great spirit. Mr. Mullaly well deserves a large list of Southern subscribers.

Richardson & Co., will soon publish an agreeable work entitled "Pleasantries about Courts and Lawyers."

BOOK NOTICES.

DIXIE COOKERY,

Or How I Managed my Table for twelve Years. A Practical Cook Book for Southern Housekeepers,

BY

MRS. MARIA MASSEY BARRINGER,

OF

NORTH CAROLINA.

LORING, PUBLISHER: BOSTON, 1867. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

Nothing could be more unpretending than the volume before us. It is pre-eminently a Practical Book—giving the daily experiences in Domestic Cookery, of a lady of culture and talent: but one, withal, of systematic habit and economic inclinations. It is the book for the now impoverished "million" of the South—those who can no longer afford the lavish displays of other days: but who still prefer, in their *petite cuisine*, the cherished tastes and

savory styles of the olden time.—Its chief merit is this: It strikes fairly and squarely at the present great want of our destitute people—*practical economy*:—combined, it is true, with many of those rare selections and skillful combinations, in the culinary art, peculiar to Southern house-wifery.

In another view, this book explodes the theory of our Northern brethren, that the fair daughters of our sunny clime, are deficient in the higher qualities of wives, matrons, and mothers. Here we have a glimpse of the varied responsibilities, and endless duties of a Southern house-wife. 'Tis true that much of their care and trouble grew out of the isolation and other peculiarities of slavery. They are, now, to a certain extent, released from the care and responsibility of "contrabands;" and the culture and genius of the "benighted region" may ere long eclipse the would-be celebrities of Shoddy and Sham. We sincerely trust that Southern women will not refuse to enter the inviting fields of science, of letters, and of art, now fully open to them.—And we confidently expect and predict, for them, the same success, that has heretofore attended them in the social and domestic circles, where their rare attainments, refined taste, elegant toil, and queenly sway crowned their efforts and aspirations with signal triumph, and gave name and renown to Southern homes.

Mrs. Barringer is among the first to enter the lists in her special department. We are happy in her personal acquaintance: *we* (*i. e.* ourself and our ————) have studied her little volume: *we* (*i. e.* the writer) know nothing of the "high art," except what we learned as a Confederate soldier: but we do not hesitate, with the lights before us, to recommend "Dixie Cookery" to all in search of "good living made easy."

R.

The Battle-fields of Virginia.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY

HOTCHKISS & ALLAN.

This is really a valuable book, embracing all of the engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia, from the first Battle of Fredericksburg to the wounding and death of Lieutenant General T. J. Jackson. It is embellished with handsome and accurate maps of each battle-field, drawn by Captain J. Hotchkiss, who was General Jackson's Chief Topographical Engineer during the campaigns of 1862-'63. Reports both from Confederate and Federal officers have been carefully compiled by Col. William Allan, late Chief of Ordnance of Jackson's Corps and now a Professor in Washington College, Virginia, and the work can be relied on as setting forth a clear and truthful history of the important engagements it embraces.

Price, $5.00. D. Van Nostrand & Co., Publishers, 192 Broadway, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

In the present number of the magazine will be found several new advertisements, which we desire to call to the attention of the public; and in doing so we take occasion to remark that although we may continue this number of advertising sheets it is our determination not to fall short of the qnantity of reading matter promised in our Prospectus—eighty pages. For five months past an extra form has been added and a heavier and more costly paper used. Before the close of the year we hope to increase the magazine still larger, and make improvements in other respects.

Washington Medical College.—This Institution, recently opened in Baltimore, is designed to supply the wants of the South in a purely Southern Medical College. Its President, Dr. Ford, was a surgeon in the old U. S. army, and during the war was Medical Director of the Western Department of the Confederate army, and was recognized as a man of undoubted ability. Of its professors Dr. Edward Warren was Surgeon General in North Carolina, and had charge of the hospitals of the State. Dr. Logan was a professor in the Atlanta Medical College, and was Medical Director of Georgia. Dr. Byrd was professor in Orglethorpe Medical College, and a surgeon C. S. A. Dr. Scott was professor in the Richmond Medical College, and Drs. Clagett and Moorman were both surgeons in the Confederate army. Such an institution merits the patronage and support of the people of the South.

Rosadalis.—D. J. J. Lawrence has established, at Wilson, N. C., a large Labratory for the manufacture of the Rosadalis. It is represented as a genuine cure for scrofula, &c., and in giving notice of it we make an extract from the *North Carolinian*, published in Wilson, the village where Dr. Lawrence resides:

"We present on our fourth page, to-day, an extended advertisement of Lawrence's Rosadalis, a blood medicine prepared by a Southern physician, and which, though recently introduced to the public, has, nevertheless, attained a wide-spread popularity.

The reader is familiar with the character of patent medicines generally, and while the appearance of this notice in these columns is a sufficient guarantee that the medicine is what is claimed for it in every respect, yet should we pass it by without some notice, the public might be led to infer that we had departed from that high standard which we claim for the *North Carolinian*, as a reliable and responsible advertising medium.

We have had opportunities of testing and observing the properties of the Rosadalis, and we do not, on our own knowledge, hesitate to recommend it.

Dr. Lawrence is in possession of testimonials from reliable and well known persons who have used his remedy, and the satis-

faction it has almost invariably given, should recommend it to the afflicted everywhere.

In thus giving it the benefit of a place in our columns we endorse it, and in so doing, we feel that we confer a benefit upon our fellow-man, which is the prime motive to all our actions. We ask from all a careful perusal of the advertisement."—*North Carolinian, June 5th.*

Washington College, Va.—It is not necessary to do more than direct attention to this renowned institution. The great chieftain, with his able corps of assistants, is giving Washington the very highest success, as the number of students (nearly five hundred) clearly attests.

Mecklenburg Female College.—This institution has just passed through its first session, under the most favorable auspices. It is endowed with a competent corps of instructors, and we hope, in a few years, to see its capacious and elegant building crowded with pupils.

The Commencement Festivals just past gave great satisfaction to the friends of the institution, and indicates a decided success in its future career.

The Charlotte Female Institute—Under the superintendence of Rev. R. Burwell & Son, has been in successful operation for a number of years. It ranks as the first female seminary in North Carolina, and is now in a most flourishing condition, with an able and complete Faculty, and all the apparatus and appertenances of a first class institution. Its next session commences October 1st.

The Bickford and Huffman Grain Drill, with Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower, strikes us as just the machine needed at the present time in the South. Since the days of *freedom* it has been the object of our planters to cultivate as much land possible with a small force. To do this they must introduce labor-saving machines. By the use of this Grain Drill, and a Reaper, a thrifty farmer, with his own sons, can cultivate, to much greater profit, the same quantity of ground that a dozen or more freedmen will, and will be spared the vexation and annoyance of these "sovreigns of the land." We ask a perusal of the advertisement.

TYSON, TRUMP & CO.,

Manufacturers of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in, Fine Silver Plated Goods,

NO. 61 N. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

WE would invite the attention of the Southern Public to our choice assortment of Rich and Elegant

Silver Plated Ware of latest Silver Patterns, on Albata, Nickle, Silver and White Metal.

All our Electro-Plating being done by us exclusively, we can assure those purchasing of us, of obtaining in all cases, the amount of Silver represented to be on each article, and at as low rates, as first-class goods of Northern Manufacture. We name in part, TRIPLE-PLATED Tea Sets, Ice Pitchers and Coffee Urns, Communion Sets, Oyster and Soup Tureens, Casters, Waiters, Cake and Card Baskets, Butter Coolers, Vases, Vegetable and Fruit Dishes, Egg Boilers, Pickle, Wine and Celery Stands, Napkin Rings, Pie, Ice Cream, Fish and Cake Knives, Crumb Scrapers, Pearl, Ivory and Metal handle Knives, Dinner and Desert Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, &c., &c.

PHOTOGRAPHS,

With prices annexed, of any of our *leading articles*, *sent by mail* to persons wishing to purchase, and upon receipt of their order, such goods as selected, will be forwarded *per Express C. O. D.*

Ware of all kinds Replated in the best manner.

Extra-heavy goods, for Hotels and Steamers, made to order at extra cost of Metal.

Address, **TYSON, TRUMP & CO.,**
Sept. 1867—3m* 61 N. CHARLES-ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

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OPPOSITE BARNUM'S HOTEL, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

IMPORTER AND DEALEL IN

Hats, Furs and Umbrellas.

Orders respectfully solicited, prompt attention paid to all received by mail. Sept. 1867—3m*

THE

Baltimore & Havana Steamship Company.

This Line comprises the following First-Class Steamships:

LIBERTY, 1,250 Tons, Thos. A. Bain, Commander;
CUBA, 1,100 Tons, J. M. Dukehart, Commander;

Which are despatched every fortnight, alternately, from Brown's Wharf, Fell's Point, Baltimore, to Havana and New Orleans, calling at Key West, carrying the U. S. Mail.

HENRY M. WARFIELD & CO., AGENTS,
No. 16 SPEAR'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
Sept. 1867—3m*

CONCORD FEMALE COLLEGE.

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

TERMS—For Session, commencing on the first MONDAY of SEPTEMBER, and closing on the 20th of DECEMBER—

Board	$64 00
Tuition	20 00
Music	20 00
Use of Piano	4 00
French and Latin, each,	8 00
Drawing and Ornamental Penmanship	10 00
Contingent expenses	2 00

Washing at Laundress' price. Ninety dollars, in advance, will settle the account for the Session. For circulars

Address, **J. M. M. CALDWELL,**

August—1867-3t Statesville, N. C.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

GEN. R. E. LEE, PRESIDENT, aided by a corps of twenty Instructors, including a Professor of Law.

THE next session will begin on 3rd Thursday in September, and end on 3rd Thursday in June.

Lexington may be reached by stage from Staunton or Goshen, on the Virginia Central Railroad: from Lynchburg by Canal, or by stage from Bonsack's on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad.

For further particulars apply to Clerk of the Faculty for Catalogue.

August—1867-3t

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL

Is pleasantly located near Mebaneville Depot on the North Carolina Railroad, in a remarkably healthful region.

The Course of Instruction is

Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial,

Including the branches of study essential to a thorough preparation, either for a University course, or for business.

This School was established by the grandfather of the present proprietors, and has been in successful operation for more than sixty years.

For Catalogue exhibiting terms, &c., address,

Col. WM. BINGHAM,

April, 1867—9m MEBANEVILLE, N. C.

ALFRED WILLIAMS. C. W. LAMBETH.

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OPPOSITE THE NEW NATIONAL BANK,

Raleigh, N. C.,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A LARGE STOCK OF

School Books, Standard Works, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c., &c.

Together with every article usually kept in their line of business

AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

September, 1867.—1t.

COLLINS & M'LEESTER'S

NORTH AMERICAN

TYPE, STEREOTYPE, & ELECTROTYPE

FOUNDRY,

And Printers' Furnishing Warehouse,

No. 705 Jayne Street, Philadelphia.

TYPE WARRANTED EQUAL TO ANY MADE.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at 15 cents per pound, if delivered free of charge.

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STELLMAN, HENRICHS & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

Hosiery, Gents Furnishing Goods,

SMALL WARES, &C.

Sole Agents for Green & Daniels Spool Cotton.

21 Hanover St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept., 1867.—3m*

J. J. WAGGONER. WM. G. HARVEY.

WAGGONER & HARVEY,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

CORNER CARY AND 15TH STREETS,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Strict personal attention given to the sale of COTTON, TOBACCO, GRAIN and COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Sept 1867—1t*

STONE, WILSON & FOSTER,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

NO. 1410 CARY STREET,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

H. J. STONE, JOHN B. WILSON, RICH'D. T. FOSTER.

Sept 1867—3m*

A. MYERS. W. MYERS.

MYERS & BROTHER,

(LATE OF SALISBURY, N. C.,)

GENERAL COMMISSION AND STORAGE

MERCHANTS,

NO. 112 & 114 SEVENTEENTH-STS.,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.,

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Sept 1867—3m*

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ANALYTICAL CHEMIST

OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN FERTILIZING COMPANY, 14TH STREET.,

Richmond, Va.,

IS prepared to analyze Gold, Silver and other Ores, Minerals, Guanos, and other Fertilizers, Mineral Waters, &c., &c.

Sept. 1867—6t

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA,

AT RICHMOND.

SESSION OF 1867-'68.

THE next Annual Course of Lectures in this institution will commence on the first day of October, 1867, and continue until the first of March ensuing.

FACULTY.

DAVID H. TUCKER, M. D., Professor of Practice of Medicine.
BEVERLEY R. WELLFORD, M. D., Professor of Medicine and Therapeutics,
L. S. JOYNES, M. D., Professor of Physiology, &c.
JAMES B. McCAW, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharnacy.
HUNTER McGUIRE, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
R. T. COLEMAN, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
FRANCIS D. CUNNINGHAM, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
E. S. GAILLARD, M. D., Professor of General Pathology and Pathological Anatomy.
ISAIAH H. WHITE, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Ample facilities afforded for the study of Practical Anatomy.
Classical Instruction at Howard's Grove Hospital, (containing 500 beds,) at the Hospital connected with the College, and at the Richmond City Dispensary, located in the College building.

FEES.

Matriculation	$ 5
Professors' Ticket, each	15
Demonstrator of Anatomy	10
Graduation	30

Board may be obtained at $5 to $7 per week
For further information, or a copy of the Catalogue, address

L. S. JOYNES, M. D.,
Dean of the Faculty.

Sept 1867—1m

WIESENFELD & CO.

WHOLESALE

CLOTHIERS,

242 Baltimore St.,

NEAR CHARLES,

BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867.—3m*

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BROWN & McCALLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

Will practice their profession in Giles and the adjoining Counties.

July, 1867—3m

J. J. WAGGONER. WM. G. HARVEY.

WAGGONER & HARVEY,

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AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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NO. 1410 CARY STREET,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

H. J. STONE, JOHN B. WILSON, RICH'D. T. FOSTER.

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NO. 112 & 114 SEVENTEENTH-STS.,

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Dean of the Faculty.

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242 Baltimore St.,

NEAR CHARLES,

BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867.—3m*

JNO. C. BROWN. JAS. McCALLUM.

BROWN & McCALLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

Will practice their profession in Giles and the adjoining Counties.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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Agents for Ficklin & Williams, Sugar Refiners. For Sale—Peruvian Guano, Fertilizers, Agricultural and Mineral Lands, and many desirable Goods.

Proprietors U. S. Bonded Warehouse No. 1.

Sept 1867—3m*

T. H. KELLOGG, *Late firm of G. J. Sumner, & Co.* J. W. GIBSON. *Of Richmond, Va.*

KELLOGG & GIBSON,

Importers and Dealers in

CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE,

AND

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,

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SOUTHERN FERTILIZING COMPANY,

Richmond, Va.

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CHEMIST,

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OLD DOMINION FERTILIZER,

An Ammoniated Super-phosphate of Lime, containing 4 per cent. Ammonia,

PHOSPHO-PERUVIAN GUANO,

A manipulated Guano, containing 8 per cent. Ammonia,

Pure ground Plaster.

TERMS CASH.—Orders respectfully solicited.

Sept., 1867—2t.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT,

Baltimore, Md.

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FACULTY,

Rev. THOMAS E. BOND, M. D., President.
G. C. M. ROBERTS, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Obstetricts and Diseases of Women and Children.
A. J. FOARD, M. D., Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.
J. P. LOGAN, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine.
HARVEY L. BYRD, M. D., Professor of Obstetricts.
MARTIN P. SCOTT, M. D., Professor of the Diseases of Women and Children.
EDWARD WARREN, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery.
JOHN F. MONMONIER, M. D., Professor of Physiology and General Pathology.
J. J. MOORMAN, M. D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Hygiene.
JOSEPH E. CLAGETT, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.
CLARENCE MORFIT, M. D., Professor of Medical Chemistry and Pharmacy.

JOHN N. MONMONIER, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

—o—

The first regular session of this Institution will begin on Tuesday, the first day of October next, and continue for five months.

There will be a supplementary course of Lectures delivered by the Adjunct Professors during the succeeding summer.

One student from each Congressional District of the late slave-holding States will be admitted to all the privileges of this University upon the payment of *thirty-five dollars* for each session of attendance.

Wounded and disabled soldiers will have precedure over all other applicants for this privilege.

All the subjects embraced in the curiculum of this school will be thoroughly taught and properly illustrated.

Arrangements have been perfected for securing to our students a *complete and satisfactory course of classical instruction.*

FEES.

Matriculation,	$ 5
Discriptive,	10
Professors,	120
Graduation	20
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For further information apply to the Janitor at the College Building, No. 57, North Calrost St., Corner of Saratoga, or address the subscriber,

A. J. FOARD, M. D.,
No. 47, Liberty Street, Corner of Lexington.

Sept. 1867—3m

GUANO AND FERTILIZERS,

THE undersigned respectfully calls the attention of the Planting Community to his Fertilizing compounds, and confidently asserts their superior excellence.

For several years before the war he was engaged with John Kettlewell, Esq., now deceased, in the preparation of Fertilizers, and none attained to a more excellent reputation than the

KETTLEWELL MANIPULATED GUANO,

and deservedly so, when the composition of this valuable preparation is made known. Simply, an intimate combination of *choice Peruvian* and *Phosphatic Guano*, by costly machinery, with the addition now of absorbent *Alkali* as advised by eminent counsel. In the re-introduction of this compound in 1866, further testimony has been added setting forth its great value in the production of *Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Tobacco, &c.*, and now challenges competition with any compound, not excepting Peruvian Guano in the production of *all crops* and permanent improvement of land. The theory advanced by Mr. Kettlewall, introducing the manipulated Guano in reducing the Ammonia of the Peruvian Guano and increasing the Bone Phosphate of Lime is now accepted by a vast number of planters as the proper mode of application. In the border and gulf States universal testimony is accredited. It produces more grain of better quality than Peruvian Guano pound for pound—as a permanent Fertilizer admits of no comparison—beautifully prepared for drill or broadcast.

AMMONIATED ALKALINE PHOSPHATE,

A GENERAL MANURE.

☞ SEE ANALYSIS OF DR. A. S. PIGGOTT.

A universal manure extensively used in the Cotton States for Cotton.

Alkaline Phosphate,

Very rich in Potash, Soda, Phosphate Chlorine, &c.

☞ SEE ANALYSIS OF DR. A. S. PIGGOTT.

A great manure for Cotton. Tobacco, Root and Grass crops.

POTASH AND PLASTER COMBINED IN BBLS.

PURE GROUND PLASTER IN BBLS.

I have nothing to conceal and earnestly invite all planters to investigate my works, material, &c.

Prices in Baltimore---Cash.

Kettlewell's A. A. M. Guano, half and half	$70	pr.	Ton,	2000 lbs.
" A. " " ¼ and ¾	60	"	"	"
Ammoniated Alkaline Phosphate	55	"	"	"
Alkaline Phosphate	45	"	"	"

Sold by agents throughout the Southern States, where analysis and certificates can be seen.

Reference to agents, consumers and mercantile community of our city, also to Gen. D. H. Hill, of this magazine.

G. OBER.

Sept 1867—6m 68 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL,

With Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower.

OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

GUANO ATTACHMENT

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The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

W. L. BUCKINGHAM, General Agent, 59 1-2 S. Charles-st., Baltimore.

May 1867—3m

PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY'S

SOLUBLE

PACIFIC GUANO.

Office of General Agency, 71 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

JNO. S. REESE & CO., Gen'l Ag'ts for the Company.

THE very extended use of this GUANO throughout the country has fully made known its remarkable excellence and superiority. If concurrent testimony as the result of experience affords any guide to truth, this Guano is worth more dollars per ton that Peruvian Guano. This testimony can be had from farmers in all parts of the country. It is a result that must follow from the composition of the Guano. It is unnecessary for us to say more than that the quality and composition of the Guano now in market is the same as that heretofore sold by us for the Company. The same system of inspection is kept up. This is done at a heavy annual expense to the Company, as well for their interests as the protection of consumers.

Sold by Agents in all the markets of the United States, and by local dealers generally.

HUTCHISON, BURROUGHS & CO.,
Agents, Charlotte, N. C.
E. NYE HUTCHISON & CO.,
Agents, Salisbury, N. C.

Sept. 1867—6m

Maryland Depository, M. E. Church South.

SELBY & DULANY,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELELRS & STATIONERS.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Stationery, School and Blank-Books.

MANUFACTURERS AGENTS FOR WARRINGTON & CO'S.,

"Continental Steel-Pen Works."

(STEEL-PENS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.)

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

SELBY & DULANY,

332 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

NORTH CAROLINA REFERENCE:

Hon. R. W. BEST, Secretary of State.

Sept. 1867—3m*

L. PASSANO & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Notions, Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Trimmings and Small Wares,

268 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

SHIPLEY, ROANE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

CLOTHING.

303 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

DANIED E. SHIPEEY, HENRY W. ROANE, GEORGE W. HOWARD.

Sept. 1867—8m*

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No. 22 Hanover Street, BALTIMORE.

No. 7 College Place, NEW YORK.

Sole Agents for the Cassimeres, Kerseys, &c., from the Washington Manufacturing Company, Kelly. Tackett, Ford & Co., Proprietors, Fredericksburg, Va.

AND FOR THE

Rock Island Woolen Mills of

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Sept. 1867—3m*

ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS,

Ribbons, Millinery, Silk and Straw Goods,

237 & 239 BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 1867—3m*

WHITELEY, BRO. & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS,

281 W. BALTIMORE STREET,

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MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

BALTIMORE WINDOW GLASS,

DRUGGISTS GLASSWARE, VIALS, BOTTLES, JARS &c.

PAINTS, COLORS, OILS, GLUE.

32 and 34 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept 1867—3m*

TURNBULL & CO.,

Dry Goods and Commission Merchants,

37 Walker Street, NEW YORK,

16 Hanover Street, BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

NORRIS & BALDWIN,

18 Hanover Street, Baltimore,

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON YARNS, SHEETINGS,

OSNABURGS AND COTTON.

Sept. 1867—3m*

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

CANFIELD, BRO. & CO.,

229 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Gold and Silevr Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Stones, Fine Jewelry

Of the greatest variety and newest styles.

ELEGANT SILVER WARE.

Fine Silver-Plated Ware of the best quality,

Including an assortment of the GORHAM COMPANY'S Superior Nickle Plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Waiters, Casters, Baskets, Butter Stands, Pickle Stands, Forks, Spoons, &c., &c.

Paris Clocks, Bronzes and rich Fancy Goods.

Trans. Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

MILITARY GOODS.

PURCHASERS CAN RELY UPON GOODS BEING AS REPRESENTED.

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LUMBER YARD,

AND

PLAINING MILL,

Cor. E. Falls Avenue and Fawn Street,

Baltimore, Md.

C. CATE, - - - - - - - - E. B. HUNTING.

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WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVERWARE,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, BY

Larmour & Co., Light-St.

Chronometer Watches, Timing Watches, Stem-Winding Watches, Heavy Silver Watches, Diamond Jewelry, Pearl Jewelry, Coral Jewelry, Other styles of Jewelry, Chain and Band Bracelets, Studs and Sleeve-Buttons, Wedding Rings, Gents Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Ware, Wedding Presents, Ladies' Gold Chains, Gents' Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Tea Sets, Waiters and Casters, Forks, Spoons and Knives, Rogers' Table Cutlery, Clocks and Opera-Glasses, Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Gold Pens and Pencils.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired at short Notice.

Sept. 1867—6m*

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CORNER BALTIMORE AND LIGHT STREETS.

Importers of Diamonds.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Jewelry and Silver Ware.

Agents for the celebrated Patrick Phillippe & Co's., Watches.

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HENRY JAMES & CO.,

CITY BLOCK, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.,

Manufacturers and dealers in

WHITE PINE,

Framing Timber, Docking and Ship Plank.

Wholesale and Retail.

Sept. 1867—3m*

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SAMUEL KIRK & SONS,

NO. 172 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,

Manufacturers of

Elegant Silver Ware, Silver Sets, Spoons and Forks, Bridal Presents, Diamonds, Pearls, Ladies' Watches, Chains, Plated Ice Pitchers, Plated Sets,

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Sept. 1867—6m*

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Sept. 1867—m6*

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CLOTHIERS,

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Keep always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

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Sept. 1867—1yr*

JAMES M. ANDERSON & SON,

ENGRAVERS STATIONERS,

AND DEALERS IN FANCY GOODS,

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Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards,
English and French Stationery,
Envelopes and Fancy Goods.

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS IN NEWEST STYLES.

MONOGRAMS, CRESTS AND INITIALS TO ORDER AND STAMPED IN COLORS OR PLAIN. BOOKS OF HERALDRY KEPT FOR REFERENCE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

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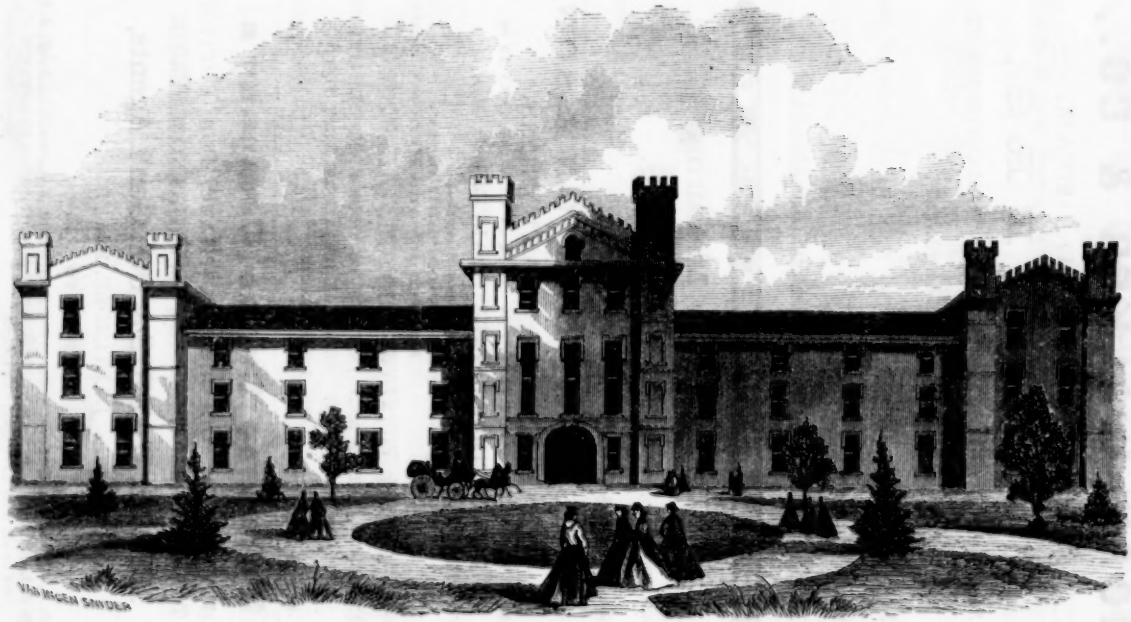
AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE, FOR, COTTON, TOBACCO, GRAIN, GRASSES, &c., IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.

NEALE, HARRIS & CO., Gen'l. Agents,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFER TO

Col. R. R. Bridger, Tarboro, N. C. — R. H. Smith, Esq., Scotland Neck, N. C.
Col. J. L. Bridger, " " — Dr. W. J. Hawkins, Ridgeway, N. C.,
And to all who have used the Guano. — Sept 1867—1yr*



Mecklenburg Female College, Charlotte, N. C., Rev. A. G. STACY, A.M., President.

DR. LAWRENCE'S
CELEBRATED
ROSADALIS.

Scrofula.---Its Causes and Treatment, in all its Forms.

SCROFULA OR KING EVIL is a very common affection, manifesting itself under various forms, as *Consumption, White Swelling, Hip Disease, Bronchocele, Chronic Rheumatism, Diseases of the Skin or Spine, Tumors, Sore Eyes, Enlargement and Ulceration of the Glands, Joints, Bones, Liver, Kidneys, Uterus, &c.*

It is a taint or poisonous principle, emanating from one and the same cause, which is a foul Corruption of the Blood. Scrofula, as generally understood, consists of an enlargement of the lymphatic glands, especially those of the neck, forming small knots, which gradually inflame and supperate, discharging a white curdy matter. Sometimes the knots appear on the breast, eyes, feet, armpits, &c. Sometimes these tumors remain in an indolent condition for a long time—neither increasing nor decreasing—but most generally they inflame and soften, and are apt to be succeeded by other tumors, which run a similar course, and the disease may continue in this course for a long period, until the system is destroyed by it. Scrofula, acting like a secret poison, not only reduces the vitality of the the blood, but also of all the other organs of the body, so that they fail to cast out the corruptions of the system. Therefore, these impurities remain in the system—depress its vital action—and the person so infected is so weakened that he does not have the vigor of healty persons. Constitution contaminated with Scrofula are more liable to, and have less power to, recover from disease. Scrofula is the cause of most of the diseases that are fatal to mankind. It causes thousands of cases of sickness and death where its presence is not suspected, because its ulcerous symptoms do not appear outwardly. The largest proportion of all our people are tainted with, and suffer from this lurking, insidious disease in one form or another.

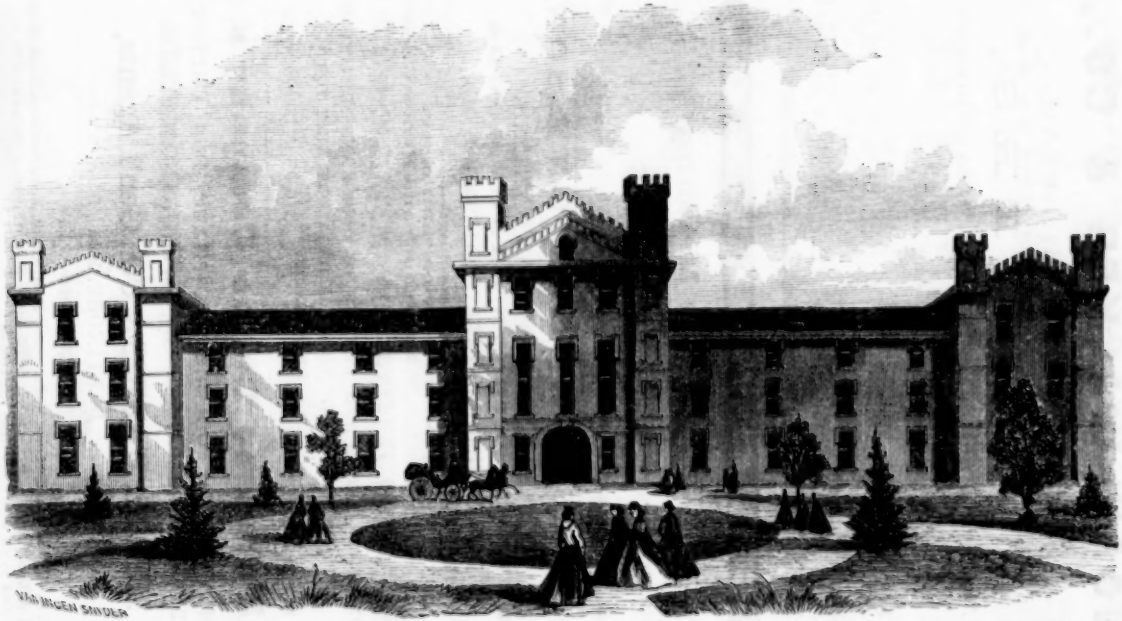
CAUSES.

SCROFULA OR SCROFULOUS TAINT, is hereditary in the constitution, and is capable of being transmitted from generation to generation; sometimes not manifesting itself in one generation, whilst severely afflicting another. The intermarriage of blood relations—as cousins—is a great source not only of Scrofula, but of idiocy, insanity, and a host of terrible afflictions. It is also produced by other causes—as the inordinate use of pork, want of cleanliness, want of exercise, imperfect food, too early mental application, abuse of Murcury, excessive venery, &c—all of which tend to plant the poison of Scrofula in the Blood.

INDICATIONS.—The indications of Scrofula are numerous. Children or others having a soft, fine skin, rosy cheeks, and delicate complexion, are most commonly attacked with Scrofula, though those of a dark complexion and stronger constitution are not entirely exempt from it. Children who have a large abdomen, large joints, with blue eyes, smooth fine skin, and prominent foreheads, are generally of Scrofulous diathesis, and should be promptly treated. A want of Symetry of person, small, weak limbs, with pale countenance, is also an indication of Scrofula. Persons of a Scrofulous diathesis are often indolent, lack energy, eyelids often swollen, appetite sometimes voracious, bowels irregular, joints weak—feel lazy, dull, bad, and do not like to exert themselves. They are peculiarly liable to eruptions of the scalp, &c; and are also extremely liable to diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidney, Womb, &c. The large majority of the Womb diseases, which are now unfortunately so common, are caused by the latent virus of Scrofula in the system. The foul corruptions in the blood, from being allowed to remain in the system, often induce such diseases as Consumption, Enlargement and Ulceration of the Glands, Joints, Bones, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, Womb, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Rheumatism, Sterility Impotency, Female Weakness, Pain in the Back, Side and head, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Dyspepsia, General Ill Health, &c.

TREATMENT.

The treatment of Scrofula may be divided into Constitutional and Local.—The constitutional treatment consits in the administering internally, agents of an alterative character, which possess the power—by purifying the blood—of gradually removing the condition of the system upon which the disease depends. The only reliable medicine yet known for this purpose is ☞ DR. LAWRENCE'S CELEBRATED COMPOUND EXTRACT OF ROSADALIS. This medicine has become justly celebrated as the only reliable alterative that we possess. It is a well conceded medical fact, that those alteratives which exert an influence on the kidneys—increasing the quantity of urine, and improving its quality—will prove the most efficacious. It is on this account that the "ROSADALIS" is so much more reliable, and produces so much more speedy action in all chronic diseases, than any other ever before known to the medical profession and the public. It is composed of medicines that not only possess the most powerful al-



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terative properties, but also Diuretic, Tonic Hepatic and Diaphoretic properties, and it therefore acts directly upon all the secretions of the system, and carries off the impurities not only through the blood, but through the skin, kidneys, &c. ☞ The Rosadalis is not a secret medicine, but the articles from which it is made are published around each bottle, and it is used with the most decided success, by some of the most eminent Physicians in this country, and it is used and recommended by the Medical Faculty wherever it has been introduced, as a positive and reliable medicine, for the cure of Scrofula, and all Scrofulous affections, and as a general Blood Purifier.

DIRECTIONS.

Take the Roradalis according to the Directions around the bottle, until the disease is entirely cured, for if persisted in, it will thoroughly eradicate all the poisonous humors of the blood, and the patient will be restored to complete health and vigor.

The local treatment will vary according to the condition of the affected parts. Thus, if the knot or tumor be free from any great soreness, it may be dispersed by one of the following preparations:

1. Apply Tinct. Iodine to the knots three times a day.
2. Apply Iodide of Potassium ointment.

☞ The use of local applications only hastens the cure. The use of the Rosadalis would eventually cause the tumors to disappear without them.

If the tumor is in a state of inflammation, it should be subdued with the Slippery Elm Poultice. If an ulcer or absesses has formed, it should be kept clean by a mixture of Castile Soap Suds and Spirits, followed by the use of some good Healing Ointment. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind, that no reliable cure for Scrofula can be expected unless internal remedies can be administered to purge out the corruptions of the blood, the source of the disease. That the Rosadalis is a positive cure for the worst cases of Scrofula, is an indisputable fact, which will be certified to by a number of persons, whose constitutions seemed to have been completely saturated or rotten with the Scrofulous taint, and who had given themsevles up as incurable, who are now in the enjoyment of perfect and robust health—visible evidence of what this remarkable remedy has done, and can do.

Read the following

HOME CERTIFICATES, FROM PHYSICIANS.

We hereby certify that the ROSADALIS is prepared by a PHYSICIAN who is an *experienced* Pharmaceutist and Chemist, and that his remedy is an *efficient* and *valuable* one in SCROFULA, &c., it having performed some *remarkable cures* in this vicinity.

W. A. DUGGAN, M. D.
E. BARNES, M. D.
R. W. KING, M. D.

Wilson, N. C., February 4th, 1866.

We hereby certify THAT WE REGARD DR. LAWRENCE'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF ROSADALIS as a RELIABLE ALTERATIVE, &c.

A. D. MOORE, M. D.
L. A. SMITH, M. D.

Wilson, N. C., May 10, 1867.

Edgecombe County, N. C., May 2d, 1867.

DR. J. J. LAWRENCE,

DEAR SIR—Please send me immediately, per Express to Tarboro, two dozen more bottles of your ROSADALIS. I have carefully examined 1ST FORMULA, and have used it in my practice in a number of cases. I am well pleased with it. *I think it, beyond doubt, the best Alterative I ever used.* I have tried it in several cases of Scrofula, and Scrofulous affections, &c., *with much satisfaction to myself and patients.* I have therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to Physicians and others, as the *most reliable Alterative now known.*

Respectfully yours, &c. A. B. NOBLES, M. D.

CONSUMPTION.

OR PHTHISIS PULMONALIS.

Scrofula under the form of Consumption is a distressing disease, characterized by Coughs, Debility, Emaciation, Expectoration, &c. It generally attacks the young, the fair, the amiable and the talented, and is generally considered incurable.

SYMPTOMS.—The general symptoms of this disease are an habitual cough, purulent expectoration, pains in the breast, feverish heat in hands, feet and cheeks, change of voice, &c.

STAGES.—For practical purposes, this disease is generally divided into three stages.

In the first or incipient stage, there will be generally found some difficulty in breathing, with slight hacking cough—which gradually increase in frequency—soon attended with an expectoration of a thin, frothy mucus, frequently streaked with blood. As the disease advances slight pains will be felt in various parts of the chest—appetite variable, urine turbid, &c., (often night sweats—even in this stage.)

In the second stage, the patient expectorates small, cheese-like particles, of a yellowish hue, (owing to the softening of the tubercles of the lungs,) cough

increases in frequency, appetite fails, emaciation and debility takes place; bleeding at the lungs is common in this stage, (bleeding at the lungs is not always a a sign of Consumption it is often met with as an independent affection,) often a debilitating diarrhea occurs, with night sweats, which assists still more to weaken the patient.

In the third stage, all the preceding symptoms appear in an aggravated form, death may occur in several ways—from debility, hemorhage, sudden congestions of the lungs, &c.

(Many affections of the chest termed Consumption, are in reality only neglected or injudiciously treated cases of Bronchitis, &c.)

CAUSES.—Consumption is caused by the deposition of Scrofulous Tubercles, in the substance of the lungs, which more or less rapidly undergoes the process of softening, and ulceration by which the lungs are consumed, and hence the name "Consumption." The causes of the deposition of the scrofulous tubercle in the lungs, are the same as those which excite scrofula into action, (under different forms) "already mentioned"—as it must be remembered that true Consumption (Phthisis Pulmonalis) and Scrofula is one and the same disease, only located in different parts of the body. The predisposition to this disease appears to be transmitted from parent to child, and those most liable are generally of slender make, with long necks, prominent shoulders, narrow chest, fine, clear skin, fair hair, and delicate, rosy complexion, &c.

PROGNOSIS.—That Consumption is a curable disease does not admit of a doubt, but its curability depends much upon the predisposition, the condition of the constitution, the extent of the tuberculous formation and the stage in which the treatment is commenced. The greater the tuberculous disposition and the more extensive the ulceration, the more unfavorable will be the prognosis.

TREATMENT.

The treatment of Consumption may be divided into Therapeutical and Hygienical, both of which are important, and neither of which should be omitted. ☞ The Therapeutic means will consist of Alteratives, to remove the tuberculous disposition, and Tonics to impart strength and vigor. ☜ The Rosadalis possesses both the Alterative and Tonic properties, and will, therefore, be found the very best treatment for Consumption, in any stage of the disease. ☜

As all methods of treatment heretofore adopted by the Medical Faculty have proved unsuccessful, it is evident, that the means used was not in accordance with the nature of the disease. They directed their attention to the treatment and removal of the Symptoms, and not the Cause of the disease.

☞ It must be evident to every thinking mind, ☜ that no treatment can be of essential service, unless it ultimately removes the Scrofulous tubercles deposited in the substance of the lungs. ☞ If these can be removed, of course the disease can be removed. ☜ This can only be done by the agency of the absorbent vessels. These absorbent vessels must be excited to increased action by the use of Alteratives, that they may absorb the tubercles, and thus remove them. The question is asked—Can the absorbents do this? I answer—☞ That these absorbents have the power to do this, we have abundant evidence, from the fact, (as all Physicians know,) that many large Scrofulous tumors, of the neck and elsewhere, have been wholly removed by the increased action of the absorbents, ☜ through the use of powerful Alterative medicines. ☜ Can there be any doubt then, but that Scrofulous tumors of the lungs, can be as readily removed by the same means? Now as the "Rosadalis," by its great alterative power, always cures Scrofula in one form, why should it not in another? As Consumption and Scrofula is the same disease, differently located, whatever remedy will subdue the disease in one locality, must, it is evident, prove highly beneficial in another. Therefore, in whatever stage of the disease, the patient commences taking the Rosadalis, he should take it regularly and perseveringly, remembering that it is his only hope of cure—and that he can lose nothing by persevering in the use of it, even in the last stages, for he will surely die if he does not—and he can only die making every proper effort to save himself. In the last stages it should be taken under the advice of an intelligent Physician, and every precaution favorable to the patient should be observed. This treatment (with proper Hygienic measures,) will probably cure all cases in its early stages—and there is hope even in advanced stages of the disease.

☞ One of the most troublesome symptoms attending Consumption, is Cough; for the relief of which, I believe, the most advantage will be met with from the use of the following mixture:—Take of Fluid Extr. of Blk. Cohosh—Fluid Extr. of Wild Cherry—Tinct. Sanguinaria—each one ounce—Tint. Sulphate of Morphia (60 grs. to Alcohol 1 pt.) two fluid drachms—Mix. Take teaspoonful three or four times a day, when the cough is severe. Another excellent cough mixture is prepared thus:—Take Fluid Ext. of Wild Cherry, Syrup of Ipecac, Glycerine, Tinct. Hyosciamus, each one fluid ounce—Mix. Dose, same as the other. ☜

HYGIENIC MEASURES.

In this disease it is required to nourish the body by nutritious diet; therefore, take plenty of good healthy, nutritious food. Good whiskey is often beneficial, and should be taken moderately, when the effect seems favorable. Ex-

ercise is the next important Hygienic measure, and should be taken regularly and daily, but not violently; sleep regularly; avoid sitting up late, &c.—Moderate labor, cheerful company, and cheerful temper, all tend to facilitate a cure.

PREVENTIVE MEANS.

As a preventive means, the blood should be kept purified, and there is nothing ever before offered for this purpose, which can compare with the Rosadalis. By its use, thousands can rid themselves of foul eruptions, through which nature strives to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels by an Alterative medicine. Purify your Blood, whenever you find its impurities bursting out through the skin in Pimples, Boils, &c. ☞ Even where no disease is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer by keeping the blood pure. ☜ Keep the blood healthy and all is well.

HINTS TO PARENTS, &C.

I cannot close this article, without making a few remarks, for the consideration of Scrofulous parents. The greater part of persons who inherit the tendency to Scrofula, under the form of Consumption, are frequently almost beyond hope before they are aware of their danger; and notwithstanding this, it is a singular fact, that the majority of parents (whose offspring inherit a scrofulous tendency,) bestow little or no attention to the subject until the disease becomes active to such a degree, that it is almost too late for a cure to be effected. Such children usually show great fondness for study, and are apt to learn rapidly, and the parents encourage them to do that which too surely leads to a premature grave. Parents should be made to understand, (and if Physicians would do their duty, they would make them understand it,) that the proper cultivation such children require, is of the body—its health and strength. Suppose a child of consumptive parents, who shows by his general appearance that he will be attacked with consumption at an early period—Can he be cured? I answer—He not only can be cured, but the inherited disposition can also be thoroughly removed by proper treatment; and this proper treatment does not consist in waiting until the disease becomes active in adult age—but to apply remedies during childhood—administering Alteratives to remove the disease—with gymnastic sports to strengthen the constitution. Parents cannot be too watchful of that insidious disease—Scrofula—which fastens itself (in some form or other) upon them or their offspring, and should not neglect to keep their blood in good condition, and employ other proper means in due season.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 4th, 1867

Dear Dr. Lawrence:—My daughter having been cured of a deeply seated disease of the lungs by your "Rosadalis," I feel it my duty to make the fact known to you for the benefit of others. She suffered nearly two years with a hard cough, which troubled her day and night, at last the emaciated form, glossy eye, night sweats, together with the cough, told too plainly that it was *Consumption* beyond question eating at her vitals. Our Physician's remedies brought no relief. She was advised to try your Rosadalis as a tonic—which she did—imagine my surprise and gratification when I found her appetite returning. Slowly she regained her strength, her cough and night sweats gradually ceased, and she is now, after taking five bottles of your medicine, apparently as well as ever.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. E. ANN SMITH.

DISEASED MESENTERIC GLANDS.

The Mesenteric Glands of Scrofulous children, are frequently affected with an enlargement, and accompanied with symptoms to which the name Tabes Mesenterica has been given. There is a deep-seated, fascinating pain in the abdomen, which gradually enlarges, while the rest of the body becomes emaciated; the bowels are generally loose, with discharges of a milky or chalky appearance, and sometimes frothy. The appetite is good, often voracious, but no health or strength is derived from the food eaten. As the disease advances, the child becomes inactive, peevish, and fretful; the skin is dry and rough, sometimes scaly; the thirst not much above natural; the tongue coated white, and its body pale; the pulse from 100 to 120 in a minute, and an accession of fever toward the after part of the day. Toward the termination of the disease, dropsical swelling of the feet and ankles are common. This is also popularly termed "Consumption of the Bowels."

CAUSES.—The causes of this disease are the same as those which excite scrofula into action, as deficient or improper food, unhealthy residences, irritation of the lining membrane of the intestines, too early weaning, &c.

TREATMENT.—Keep the bowels regular by doses of Rhubarb and Bicarbonate of Potassa, the skin healthy by daily bathing and frictions; and sustain the strength by a plain, unstimulating, but nutritious and easily digestible diet.—To remove the Scrofulous taint, pursue the same constitutional measures as recommended in Scrofula. Excessive acidity of stomach, or irritability of the bowels, may be remedied by a drink of equal parts of Lime-water or Milk; it may be made more palatable by sweetening it, and adding a little Cinnamon, or, if there is much debility, a little Brandy.

White Swellings, or Scrofulous and Rheumatic Ulceration of the Joints.

SYMPTOMS.—This disease originates in the Synovial Membrane, which often arises from cold, and is known by such Tumors as primarily affect the bones, and then the ligaments and soft joints. And in other cases the cartilages, ligaments and soft parts become diseased before there is any morbid affection of the bones.

TREATMENT.—Take a dose of Rosadalis three times a day, soon after eating, and dress the part affected with Iodine Ointment. After worn a week, it may be changed to one made of Stramonium Ointment, (which can be had at any druggist's, or may be made by taking a handful of green leaves and stewing them in fresh lard, and then straining. This may be worn a week, and then change again for the Iodine Ointment, and so alternatively.

A Wonderful Cure of Scrofulous White Swelling.—Home Certificate.

I hereby certify, that last September I was attacked with White Swelling of the left knee—and also with an enlargement of the glands of the neck—[one tumor reached a large size.] The swelling of the knee was enormous, and was attended with the most excruciating pains. I was so reduced, that I was confined to my room over three months. My leg was so completely drawn up, that I could not bend it at all. I tried various remedies, and they failed to give me any relief. I was in this condition when I commenced taking Dr. Lawrence's Rosadalis. The swelling in both knee and neck began to subdue before I took all of the first bottle. By the time I took the second bottle the swelling of the neck entirely disappeared, and that of the knee nearly so. After taking three bottles I found myself completely well—able to walk as well as ever, &c.

Wilson, May 12, 1867. LATIMER WILLIAMS.

Bronchocele Goitre—(Swelled Neck.)

SYMPTOMS.—It is known by the enlargement of the Thyroid Gland. This gland lies over or near the front of the neck and each side of the windpipe, just below the middle of the neck. Goitre is often larger than persons not familiar with the disease would suppose it to be, from their external appearance, as it is bound down by the muscles on each side of the neck.

TREATMENT.—Take a dose of the Rosadalis three times a day, in sweetened water; and, at the same time, use upon the swelled parts the following:—Iodide—Potassium Ointment, (which can be obtained from a druggist.) Take

R Iodide Potassium, two Drachms. Lard four Oz.

Powder the Potassium, and dissolve in one teaspoonful of water; then mix well with the Lard. Take at first a piece about the size of half a nutmeg, and rub on the Tumor, and gradually increase until double that amount is used each day. Continue to take the Rosadalis and use the Ointment until a cure is effected. The length of time it takes to cure this disease is just in proportion to the time the disease has been in the system, and the amount of morbid matter that is collected in the Tumor. It requires perseverance in the use of the medicine, for a long time, until all the poisonous matter is carried out of the blood, when the neck will assume the usual size. At first, the particles are taken up on the inner part, consequently the reduction of the swelling is not so visible to the eye. But, finally, the disease will, almost at once, be found to disappear very rapidly.

Rheumatism.—In Acute Rheumatism, the parts which are painful should be bathed with the following Rheumatic Liniment, which can be had at any Drug Store.

R—Oil Origanum, Strong Spts. Camphor,
Oil Sassafras, Laudanum,
Spts. Ammonia, of each half ounce.

Mix.—Bathe two or three times a day. As soon as the pain subsides, commence taking Rosadalis, as directed on the bottle.

Chronic Rheumatism.—Take the Rosadalis as directed, regularly, and it will carry out of the blood all the impurities, which are the cause of the disease and pains. The very worst cases will yield to this treatment, if the remedy is persevered in a sufficient length of time to carry all the morbid matter out of the blood.

Wilson, N. C., May 6, 1867.

I hereby certify that I was cured of long standing Chronic Rheumatism, by taking four bottles of Dr. Lawrence's Rosadalis. JAMES WILLS.

Liver Complaint.—SYMPTOMS.—In acute form, there is pain in the side, just under the lower rib, frequently of a dull or obtuse character; sometimes, when lying on the left side, there is a general uneasiness, attended with a difficulty of breathing. Chronic form is characterized by an unhealthy complexion, loss of appetite and flesh, Costiveness, Indigestion, Flatulence, (belching of wind from the stomach,) Pain in the Stomach, a Yellowness of the Eyes and Skin; also, an obtuse pain in the region of the liver, extending to the shoulder. In many cases, on post mortem examination, it has been found they had come to their death from an abscess of the liver, although they had suffered no great inconvenience while living.

TREATMENT.—Take a dose of Rosadalis three times a day; at the same time, rub freely over the region of the liver once or twice a day with salt mixed with alcohol. Care should be used as to the diet. Eat nothing but what agrees with the stomach. Also, regular exercise should be taken in the open air, between

meals. The bowels should be kept open. If the disease is of an obstinate nature, in place of the alcohol and salt, use one-half ounce of Nitric Acid, one-half ounce of Muriatic Acid—add to a two gallon jug of water, and bathe night and morning over the region of the liver and bowels and afterward rub the parts well with a coarse towel. This treatment has to be persevered in for a long time, in order to effect a permanent cure.

Certificate from an old and much respected citizen of Greene county, now a resident of Wilson, N. C.

I hereby certify that during the summer and fall of 1866, that I was severely afflicted with Carbuncles—having had as many as 14 large Carbuncles, and 12 ordinary Boils. I suffered so much from them that I could not get out of the house half the time for several months. Being induced to try Dr. Lawrence's Rosadalis, I was entirely cured by the use of one bottle of that truly valuable medicine.

W. A. DARDEN, Sr.

Wilson, May 11, 1867.

Tumors, Ulcers, or Old Sores, are caused by an impure state of the Blood.

Take the Rosadalis as directed before, and if the Ulcers are inflamed, use Elm Poultice. After inflamation subsides, use some mild ointment. Never attempt to cure an Old Sore by ointments, salves, &c., alone. Nature often makes an outlet of this kind to throw off the impurities of the Blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly first, and the old sore will get well itself, because nature has no further need for it.

Salt Rheum Cured! Remarkable Cure!!

Montreal Canada, April 4, 1867.

Dr. Lawrence, Wilson, N. C.,—My Dear Sir—For the last ten years (until recently) I suffered with an inveterate eruption of the skin—called by my physicians "Salt Rheum," with which I suffered terribly; the pain and itching was almost intolerable. I tried several of the best physicians in Europe and this country—have visited several celebrated Springs—spent thousands of dollars—and failed to get any better. In December, 1866, being in Charleston, S. C., I was told by a gentleman at the hotel, that he had been cured of a bad tetter by a medicine called "Rosadalis." I resolved to try it without any hope though of its doing me any good. I procured a bottle of Messrs. King & Cassidey, and commenced taking it. Finding to my surprise that I was improving, I bought four other bottles; but before commencing on the last two, I found I was completely well—the disease having entirely disappeared.

Enclosed find "One Hundred Dollars," which please accept as a token of my gratitude. Why do you not make your invaluable Rosadalis widely known.

Your sincere friend, W. T. SELTZER.

Tetter Cured.—Wilson, N. C., April 19, 1867.—I hereby certify that I was cured of a distressing Tetter, (that had heretofore resisted all medical treatment,) by the use of Dr. Lawrence's Rosadalis, and I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering likewise. APPLEWHITE SANDERS.

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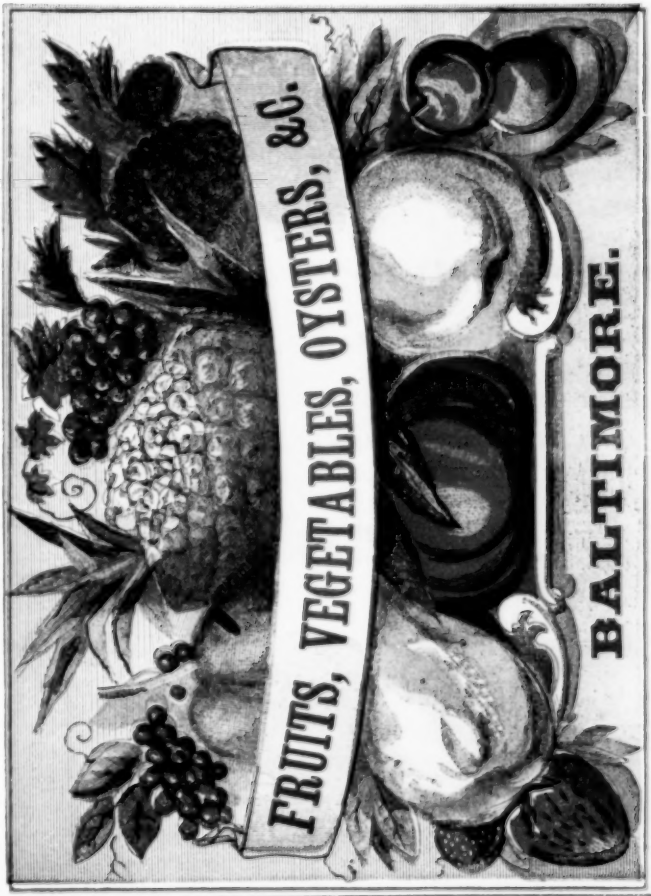

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